





K
H A L's Looking-Glass;

OR, THE

ROYAL EXHIBITION.

PRESENTING A BEAUTIFUL DISPLAY

OF THE

SUBLIME OF CONVERSATION.

By the FIRST CHARACTERS in EUROPE.

WITH

Tales, Epigrams, Songs, Jeu d'Esprits, &c.

COMPOSED AND COMPILED BY THE

E L D E S T S O N

(George W.)
OF THAT

DISTINGUISHED and IMMORTAL AUTHOR,

G * * * * K * * *

SUMMER RESIDENT at WINDSOR.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

S I X T H E D I T I O N.

Shall we be merry?—as merry as crickets, my lad! I'll give thee argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever!—By the mass, Lad, thou say'st true: before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing, if thou hast not given me medicines to make me love thee, I'll be hang'd—Scatter thy wit, sweet Hal, and make us merry!

SHAKESPEARE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. HOLLAND, Bookseller, No. 66, Drury-lane, and may be had of the Booksellers of Pater-noster-row, Fleet-street, Piccadilly, and Bond-street. 1783.

U. A. L's Flocking-Glass



MO 2



2000

TO THE
ILLUSTRIOUS AND PUISSANT
COUNT OF ARTOIS.

My dear COUNT,

A Very few months have elapsed since you were amused with the thunders of the invincible Elliot's batteries; you are now returned, and tho' not *conquest plum'd*, yet your astonishing prowess is the theme of high and low in the Gallic dominions. Peace has now scattered her Olives, and Pleasure and Festivity lead the way to serener sports than those lately exhibited on the plains of America and Gibraltar. Follow me, my dear Count, to the end of this little volume, and instead of the thunders of Mars and Bellona, your ears shall be delighted with the *pop-guns* of British conversation, played off by the most skilful engineers of genius.—Come,

vi DEDICATION.

then, thou fairest of Gallic lilies! quit the toilet and its scented appendages, and bestow on this literary bantling of your friend those Narcissian smiles that have enslaved the female world, and stamped thee the paragon of Princes! This favor obtained, the Lady Wits, one and all, from Lady B. T. to Lady Miniature, shall drop you their best courtesy, and the men, with Dr. J——n and George S——n at their head, shall give you a bow in return that will be talked of at the French court for half an age to come.

I am, with unfeigned zeal,

Your Highness's

Ardent admirer,

H A L.

Windfor, April 1, 1783.

(Prince of Wales.)

T H E

T H E
L I F E of H A L.
(*Prince of Wales*)

MY Father has made so distinguished a figure in the literary world lately, that it is venturing on slippery ground to get into the same track. His admirers are numerous; and, indeed, considering the materials he had to work on, it is not to be wondered at, that the trumpet of Fame should sound in his ears from the court to the cottage. I intended to shew him my collection of literary beauties this morning, before I sent them into the world; but, on entering his study, I found him almost suffocated with tears, for the loss of his famous *Muffin Toaster*, Mr. Pinchey, whose death the world is acquainted with ere this. I sat down, and condoled with him on the melancholy occasion, but I found my counsel as "profitless as water in a sieve;" so I hastened to draw the following sketch of my Life, as the Devil was kicking his heels in the hall, and I could never bear to use
any

any one with inattention, particularly a gentleman so renowned for letters, and to whom the lovers of the Muses owe such obligations.

born 12 Augt 1762 I am now entering into my one-and-twentieth year, so that any reader, without the aid of figures, or much study, can tell about what time I entered upon this sublunary stage. I had scarce thrown the horn-book aside, when I found my Father's principles and mine would ever jar, and the first opportunity I had, I gave him a thundering hint of what he would find me, if his proceedings did not meet my wishes. In one of those days, when the illustrious Wilkes was the Hampden, Sidney, Brutus, (what you will,) of the people of England, my Father said, or did, something that I took fire at; and, to convince him of the patriotic flame that burned within me, I burst open the parlour door where he was sitting, and roared out with the voice of a Stentor, WILKES AND LIBERTY! I was placed in a corner of the room, behind a chair, fix hours for this capital crime, as our visiter Lord B. called it.—I have been arraigned, condemned, and punished above a hundred times

times for such animated behaviour; but, like the Martyrs of old, I remained inflexible to the last; so, that observing no sign of change, I was suffered to act as I thought proper, and have been baptized *Hal* for some years, after a spirited youth, well known to the readers of the History of England, whose actions, I have been told, I in a great measure imitate; and, that I might not be wholly unlike my renowned predecessor, I have sought the paths of dissipation with remarkable success; I have been a staunch follower of Bacchus, almost ever since I discovered the difference between Burgundy and the insipid beverage, commonly called Adam's Ale; and the world, though reputed censorious, will do me the justice to allow, that I have paid my devoirs to Venus with constancy and fervour.

I have ranged from Portland-place to King's-place, and through all the purlieus of Covent-Garden, where I have had many pleasant adventures; which, were I to relate, dull formality would not fail to shake her head, and cry, Fie on thee, thou wild and thoughtless young man!—Now, as I ever had an utter aversion to grave lectures, I shall suppress my eager desire to entertain

ertain my brother bucks till I get rid of my leading-strings, which I as heartily detest as I do a halter.

I will, notwithstanding, mention one droll occurrence, which will prove the justice of my claim to the title of Buck, in spite of contradiction. You must know—faith, I beg your pardon—I can't tell the story for laughing!—it was one of the wittiest thoughts that ever entered my fertile imagination:—Now I am determined to conquer my risibility, and relate my adventure with as seemly a gravity, as if it were a compliment of condolence delivered by a bishop.

On one of those delightful evenings I used to spend with my friend Dick Addle, the conversation took a most unusual turn; and though every reader, who knows Dick and I, will be astonished at the subject, be assured that it was taken from history: in short, we were talking of that magnificent spectacle common in old Rome, but, alas! unknown in this dull country, I mean the combats of men, called Gladiators, with wild beasts. Now it unfortunately happened, that there was no wild beast about the house, except
Dick,

Dick, and a very fierce mastiff, who was elected, without opposition, to represent a lion, and a foolish domestic of Dick's was easily prevailed on to attempt the character of a Gladiator.

The onset was a glorious fight; but, alas! the spectacle was of short duration, for the foolish Gladiator, though prompted every moment by Dick and I, was so imperfect in his part, that instead of gaining the victory, he was totally disabled and borne out of the field, bloody and pale.—Why don't you laugh, and be damn'd to you?—I have many more delectable anecdotes to relate, but, for the reasons before given, am compelled to defer them till I become my own master.

At the pressing solicitations of many female friends, particularly Mrs. ~~Robinson~~, whose taste for literature is well known, I have published this selection of good things; some of which, and I deem them the best in this book, were given me by that judicious Lady, to whom I am indebted for many other favours.

Though

Though this collection is not, altogether, strictly so chaste as my Father's, the judicious reader will discover, that it possesses more of that species of wit which delights the votaries of Circe and Momus.

Like the immortal Secundus and the renowned Montaigne, I have thrown off the mask, and exhibited the following flashes of wit and humour in their natural and glowing colours: the Sublime Bumper song has been in such high estimation among the sons of Bacchus, that it may be pronounced a diamond of the first water. On the whole, I flatter myself, that this animated volume will prove an agreeable pocket companion for the Choice Spirits of the present age.

H A L's Looking-Glass ;

O R, T H E

R***L EXHIBITION.

The SUBLIME of CONVERSATION.

B Y

ROYAL, NOBLE, MILITARY, NAVAL, CLERICAL,
and other CHARACTERS.

MY father and I, with some select friends, were talking over the merits and demerits of Charles Fox, a few days ago : some of the party would have him a member of the new administration, while the more sensible part of the company opposed it strenuously. My father, asking my opinion, I delivered it in the following expressive lines :

Chain up a Fox, and change his diet,
If you intend to keep him quiet ;
For, let him but one moment loose,
'Tis ten to one you lose your Goose.

B

Seeing

Seeing Sir William Howe alight from a phaeton with two beautiful horses, a few days after his return to England, Col. St. Ledger was so smitten with the animals, he asked me if I could inform him where the General got his *bays*?—Looking the commander full in the face, I replied, Not in *America*.

About two years ago I happened to be in company with a number of the first wits in fashionable life, when the topic turned upon the *wisdom* of our forefathers. The majority were of opinion that people are much wiser in these days, if not more learned, than any former age. Finding the dispute growing warm, I could not help affirming that the women of these days grow wiser than their husbands. How so? cries the Duchesse of Devonshire. Because, Madam, (replied I) the husbands are roaring out for a change of *men*, while the *women* call for a change of *measures*.

A day or two after General Burgoyne arrived from America, a large party being at dinner at Lord D——'s, the conversation
turned

turned upon the propriety, or impropriety, of his taking his seat in parliament, previous to a court of enquiry: *Poh, poh, gentlemen,* replied I, *independent of this borough here, he has a right to take his seat in the house.* How will you make that out? said the company. *Because* (replied I) *he's returned by AMERICA.*

Lady C. complaining one day that Lord B. and his faction had given away all our *posts* to the Scotch; I observed the English were much better off, for they had got all the *railing*.

A little man was pressing very hard to get into St. James's on a birth-day, but was pushed back by a servant, who told him none but people of *higher-standing* were admitted; I happened to be passing by at the time, and taking hold of the man's hand told the servant he was a superior character, for he was a man of *under-standing*.

Observing an uncultivated piece of ground in my father's garden, I called the gardener, and expressed some surprize at his inattention

to a spot so pleasantly situated. The man excused himself by saying he had ineffectually tried the ground with various seeds and plants. Pshaw, you blockhead, replied I, turning to the Earl of B. who was by my side, Plant it with *Scotchmen*, they will thrive in *any* soil.

In a large company at a distinguished Baronet's I observed a very unwieldy lady; I asked a gentleman who sat near me who she was, who replied, her name was *Gammon*—*Gammon*, replied I, she looks more like *the whole sow!*

When Admiral Keppel was about to be tried, Lord S. was telling me he did not suppose they would find a *room* large enough to contain the number that would attend——Pshaw, my Lord, (replied I) I don't see *any room* for a trial at all. The Admiral's heroism on the 27th of July has left *no room* to suspect him of cowardice!!!

The late changes of ministers, the diabolical articles of peace, and the waste of the public money, became the principal topic in
a meet-

a meeting of Noblemen and others at Lord S——e's. His Lordship observed that the majority of the people were every hour roaring out for a Pitt—I don't at all blame 'em, my Lord, (replied I) It is their own faults that they have not dug a *pit* long since to swallow the ministerial robbers of Britain.

The sprightly Lady L. paying a morning visit to her sister Lady B. T. informed the admired wit that she had seen the Earl of C——'s much admired *piece*, (meaning a poem) which was allowed to be *original*, and had much more *vigour* than what she could suppose his Lordship in possession of—Indeed! (said Lady B. T.) Pray how *long* is it? O my dear, (said her Ladyship) it is not to be admired for its *length*, but for the charming *flow* of *pleasure* it produces.—I never was so tickled in my life!—I have not a doubt of it (said the wit) for you know it is in the power of a *straw* to *tickle*!

Related by Lord M.

Dr. Goldsmith calling on Hugh Kelly one evening, at a time he wrote for a magazine,

the Doctor pressed the scribe to sup with him at the Globe in Fleet-street; Kelly excused himself by saying he could not sit down to supper till he had put an *end to the life* of Mr. King of Drury-lane theatre, as the **Devil* had been with him twice since morning about it. Then, (said the Doctor) resist the temptations of the devil for heaven's sake, for you will be considered on all hands the damn'dest murderer in the universe if you put an *end to the life* of so valuable a member of society.

Related by Earl N——t.

When Lady B. T. was at Coxheath Camp, about two years ago, a soldier, after night fell, cut a slit in the tent she was sitting in, very near her, and, with unparalleled impudence, thrust a certain affair in, within her view. The lady shrieked, the company sallied out and took the culprit, and his punishment the next day being left to her sentence, she said (with that humour and good-nature that has ever distinguished her) I think, Colonel, the best punishment we can inflict is to put him in the *black-hole*.

Related by Lord T.

* The Printer's Devil.

Sterne,

Sterne, while he was making his Sentimental Tour through France and Italy, travelled some part of the way with a very dissolute gentleman, in a terrible storm of thunder and lightning; when the gentleman broke out in an impassioned speech from a tragedy of Corneille, imploring the assistance of the gods—*Hold your tongue, said the wit, for if they hear you, and find out what company I am in, my SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY will be instantly changed to that from which no traveller returns.*

Related by the late Bishop of Gloucester.

Garrick met the celebrated and unfortunate Paul Hiffernan in a piercing cold day without a great coat; Good God! said the feeling player, how can you support the cold so thinly clad? *Why,* replied the poor bard, *use my receipt, to put on all the cloaths you have at once as I do, and you will feel no more cold than I.*

Related by Foote.

When the celebrated Dr. Franklin was examined some few years ago before the Privy Council, Counsellor W———e, (now

Lord L——h) treated the great philosopher with the utmost indignity, which he bore with the serenity of a man of good sense insulted by an object of contempt; however, after his examination he passed by the Counsellor in his way out, and took occasion to whisper the following truth in his ear: *I will make your master a LITTLE KING for this.*

Related by Lord S——n.

When Foote was at Brighthelmstone, he interested himself in favour of a candidate in opposition to Sir Watkin Williams W——, who was espoused by a lady of considerable rank. Foote being rebuked by her Ladyship, and seeming to be affected with contrition, said, “I beg your Ladyship’s pardon, and am convinced of my error, for Sir Watkin is the best qualified of any man I know for representing a county in Wales, as he is very *mountainous*, and extremely *barren*.”

Related by Lady C. F.

The famous Corelli, performing a new composition of his own, for the entertainment of a certain Cardinal, observed that his Eminence

nence gave little attention to it, but amused himself in conversing with those about him. Hereupon he stopped his music at once. The Cardinal, surprised, asked if any of the instruments were out of order. *No, my Lord*, said Corelli: *but I fear'd I hindered business*. The Cardinal felt the reproof, and promised a strict attention to the rest of the performance.

Related by Foote.

A French lady, who lived in a village called Moncu, being upon a visit at a friend's at some distance from that place, invited a gentleman to come and pass some time at her house. *Indeed*, said she very innocently, *There is not much diversion at Moncu. But in the neighbourhood of it you'll find a great deal*.

Those who are entirely ignorant of the French tongue, are to be informed that *Moncu* is pronounced like the words *Mon cul*: the meaning of which words any smatterer in French can let them know.

Related by Lady C——.

When General Eliot saw the St. Michael bringing into Gibraltar, he exclaimed amidst

a number of officers, *This, gentlemen, is certainly the holy land, the Saints are all coming to do penance here, and the St. Michael you see leads the way.*

Related by Sir R. C.

His late Majesty, at a review of his horse-guards, asked Monsieur de Buffy, the French Ambassador, if he thought the King of France had better troops. *O yes, Sir,* replied the Ambassador, *The King of France has his Gens-d'armes, which are reckoned the best troops in the world. Did your Majesty never see them?* The King answered *No.* Upon which General Campbell, Colonel of the Scotch Greys, who lost his life at the battle of Fontenoy, and who was then within hearing, steps up, and says,—*Though your Majesty has not seen those troops his Excellency speaks of, I have seen them, and have cut my way through them twice; and make no doubt of doing the same again, whenever your Majesty shall think it proper to command me.*

Related by my Father.

A gentleman, sitting by Mrs. Woffington at Lord Lovat's trial, took notice to her of
Fanny

Fanny M——'s being at a little distance from them. *Oh*, said she, *I suppose Fanny has an eye upon the whole House of Commons.*—*And, if she has*, replied the gentleman, *I dare answer for it that her eye is no bigger than her belly.*

Selected from my Father's Repository.

King Charles the Second coming through Shoreditch into London, and observing a bank lately mended with horns, bade Lord Rochester, who was in the coach with him, take notice of it. *Ay, Sir*, said Rochester, *I see the citizens have been LAYING THEIR HEADS TOGETHER, to mend the way, against your Majesty's coming by.*

Related by my Father.

In a conversation between Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. A——n, which terminated on the charms of music and on those country dances which were the favourites of each, Mrs. A—— insisted there was no country dance equal to the *Morning Brush*,—it is very fine indeed, (said Mrs. Crawford) but I am so passionately fond of the *Irish Lilt* that I would

sacrifice every thing to it! I think *you have*,
Madam, said Mrs. A.

Related by C—— St. L——.

When Lord Lifford, the amiable Chancellor of Ireland, was going to pay his respects to the present Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom, he was saluted by a nobleman as he was stepping into his carriage, who asked him if he was going to the *Castle*; to which his Lordship replied, “No, my Lord, I am going to visit a *Temple*, built by a sublime artist, and the seat of human excellence! There is a good deal of *Portland* in the composition, nothing from Carlisle, and all the magnificence that has distinguished the *public works* of *Northumberland*.”

I forget who related this.

I was fitting in company some short time ago with the lovely Duchefs of D——, Lady B. T——, and many more of the witty and beautiful circle, when, as I sat by the Duchefs, I perceived she mov'd from me, with her hands in her lap;—What can be the matter with her Grace, said I, turning to Lady

B. T.

B. T. that she moves off, with her hands in such a strange direction? "O, my dear Sir, don't be surpris'd, her Grace is only guarding the *forbidden fruit*, of which she is sensible you want a *taste*."

The famous clergyman, Dr. Sing, in Ireland, had two daughters, so deeply read in the classicks that they were the admiration of every learned gentleman in that kingdom. Archbishop King, hearing of their extraordinary excellence, was determined to try one of them one day after dinner at her father's; the first question he put to her was, "Pray, my dear Madam, will you tell me the difference between *panis* and *penis*?" *Panis*, my Lord, said she without hesitation, is *bread*, and *penis* is the *staff of life*!

Related by Lord M. who had it from Pope.

A certain gentleman of the turf, famous for coggng a die, being just returned from New-market, said there had been great *sport*. *What then*, said Foote, *I suppose you were detected and kicked out of the hazard-room!*

Related by Lord S.

Dean

Dean Swift was invited to dine with the Primate of Ireland, where a numerous company assembled, which he of all things held in detestation. The company had not been above a minute seated to dinner when a Col. Campbell entered, and seeing the table full was about to retire to a side-table, when the Primate observed he would find room near Dr. Swift. The Dean, without any ceremony, moved his chair and made room for the Colonel, surveying at the same time his regimentals from top to bottom. He had scarcely swallowed three mouthfuls when he heard the door open again, and bouncing up, exclaimed, "What, another *Colonel Campbell*! your Grace should not have ordered the *lobsters* till supper, and then I should be in bed and in my first sleep."

• Related by the Bishop of L.

Shortly after Mr. Henderson's appearance on Drury-lane stage, Mrs. Abington and he had a lively conversation on their different merits in caricature. The lady insisted Mr. Henderson had the happiest knack in personating original and grotesque characters; that

that may be, Madam, said the Bath Roscius, but you, of all the ladies I ever met with, are most happy in representing *one* charming character. Me! me! (said the lady, in surprise) What character, pray Sir? *A gentlewoman*, Madam, said the wit, making a respectful bow.

Related by Garrick.

The Duke of Montausier, of Lewis the 14th's time, a man of austere morals, thought he saw great cause of scandal in the satires of Boileau. Somebody one day commending this writer in the Duke's presence, and declaring him to be an excellent poet, *Is he so?* said the Duke. *Then let him be sent to the gallies crown'd with laurels.*

Related by the Bishop of L. and C.

An officer in one of the Irish regiments in the French service being dispatched by the Duke of Berwick to the King of France, with a complaint relating to some irregularities that had happened in the regiment, the King told him his Irish troops gave him more trouble than all his forces besides. *Sir*, says the

the officer, *all your Majesty's enemies make the same complaint.*

Related by my Mother.

A certain good and venerable nobleman, who has ever been the delight and wonder of the circle of his connections, was greatly importuned by Lord and Lady D—— to favour the theatrical excellencies of Mrs. Siddons with his presence on her benefit night. The noble veteran, whose evening of life is rendered perfectly serene, by contemplating the rising merits of his amiable son, smiled upon the request of the new-married pair. “What, says he, my children, shall your old father make a fool of himself at this time of life? Shall I, who have been in my youth an admirer of *Bracegirdle, Oldfield, Booth, Betterton, Wilks, Penkethman*, and the immortal *Joe Haynes*, who spoke his renowned epilogue upon his *a—e*—start not, my fair reader, his Lordship would have said *a/s*, but an uncommon fit of sneezing attacked him at that instant, and out it came! The ladies tittered immoderately—His Lordship attempted to place *Joe* upon his *as* ten times, but it would

not

not do; he sneez'd on, and the company continued to fancy the player delivering the epilogue upon his a—e.— Shall I, (said the good old man, when he had recovered) waste an evening upon inferior performers? The excellencies that shone on the stage in my juvenile days, died with the actors of that period. Lord and Lady D—— would not be put off, rallied the Earl upon his excuse, and pressed him with enthusiastic zeal to accompany them. The kind father, who could deny them nothing which they ardently asked, involuntarily complied, and became one of the party. Prejudiced as he was against modern players, his Lordship was surprised into approbation, applause was extorted from him. At his return to C—— Square, he thanked Lord and Lady D. for his evening's entertainment, and retracting his predilection in favour of the ancients, he gave Mrs. Siddons unbounded praise—and in the morning, with his own hand, wrote her a complimentary letter (which may be seen by any lady or gentleman who will take the trouble of waiting on the actresses) upon her unrivalled abilities

ties—with a *Bank Note* of *thirty pounds* inclosed!

This anecdote I had from my father, who has the very best information; he assured me, moreover, laying his hand upon his heart in a faint-like manner, that the illustrious donor divided a hundred pounds the same hour, which he distributed among the perishing family of an old officer, the widow and six children of a deceased curate, and a poor man, committed to prison while his wife was lying-in, for a debt of forty shillings!—The gift to the player I know to be a fact; the rest I give to the reader upon my father's bare assertion.

The next day after Mr. O'Keefe's farce, the *Positive Man*, made its appearance at Covent-Garden theatre, that wonderful stage veteran Mr. Macklin, in a conversation with Mrs. Abington, asked her if she had seen it? She replied, often. Bless me! how can that be, Madam, replied Shylock, for last night was the very first night of representation? That may be, Sir, said the comic charmer,
but

but ever since I knew the *Man of the World*, I have been acquainted with the *Positive Man*.

Related by my Father.

Monsieur Vaugelas, through the recommendation of Cardinal Richlieu, obtained a pension of Lewis the 13th, at the time he was compiling a dictionary. Well, Monsieur Vaugelas, said the Cardinal, *you won't forget the word PENSION in your dictionary?—No, my Lord*, replied Vaugelas; *nor the word GRÂTITUDE.*

An English gentleman, travelling through the territories of another of those petty Princes, and seeing for a considerable time neither house nor human figure, at last spied a man digging, near a gibbet with a dead body upon it. Having enquired whose territories he was in, and being answered, *Sure*, said he, *your Prince must be a very cruel man to hang half his subjects.*

This and the former are selected from my Father's voluminous repository.

I have

I have been informed by many gentlemen who have been in Ireland, that the common people throughout the kingdom are very happy in their flights of wit. Among many instances to prove the truth of this assertion, the following is a striking testimony: "An orange girl, at Smock-alley theatre in Dublin, striding over the seats of the pit, a Commissioner of the Revenue made as though he would put his hand under her petticoats. Nay, *Mr. Commissioner*, said she, *You'll find no goods there but what have been fairly enter'd.*

This, if I recollect right, was communicated to me by Colonel St. L.

Queen Elizabeth, being taken with the gallant behaviour of the Duke of Villa Medina, the Spanish Ambassador, insisted upon knowing his mistress. The Duke begg'd her to excuse him; but, finding it to no purpose, he promised to send her his mistress's picture. The next day she received a small packet from him, in which she found nothing but a looking-glass.

From my Father's Repository.

A gen-

A gentleman, sitting by another whom he was unacquainted with, in the pit of Drury-lane playhouse, and seeing two women come into a box just opposite to them, turned about to his neighbour, and said, *'S death, can you tell what ugly bitch that is?—Who, Sir?* answer'd the gentleman. *That lady coming into the box?* *'Tis my sister.*—No, Sir, no, cried the other, greatly confounded. *I mean that shocking monster with her.*—Oh, Sir, said the gentleman, *that's my wife.*

Related by the Countess of B——.

Lady C. being in company with Foote, asked him how he could preserve his countenance in such whimsical situations. *Indeed, my Lady,* said the wag, *that is a question I have long wished to ask your Ladyship.*

Related by one of my Brothers.

A lady of the name of *Roughhead*, who got a considerable fortune by the death of a mechanical relation, who rose, with herself from obscurity, and which enabled her to set up her carriage and blaze away with an elegant retinue, happened to go to see Mrs. Siddons in
Calista,

Calista, at the time Majesty and all the world attended. But unfortunately for the lady, just as she was returning to her carriage, her servant cried out to blind Robin, an arch link boy, and desired him to call Lady *Roughhead's* coach.—The fellow, either through wilfulness or confusion, mistook the name, and called out with the lungs of a Stentor, *My Lady Raggedhead's carriage! My Lady Raggedhead's carriage!* Room, room, for my Lady Raggedhead. All the link boys around took an uncommon liking to the name, and *Lady Raggedhead* echoed for ten minutes. The lady was obliged to sit down in the box till the boys extinguished their links, and retired to share their diving-booty.

Related by Lord M.

When Mrs. Abington was last in Dublin, she was such a favourite with the people of fashion that her invitations were numerous. At the head of the rest, the Lord Lieutenant and his Lady paid her uncommon attention, and she spent three days out of the seven at their palace. Mr. Gentleman, author of the comedy of the *Modish Wife*, and many other estimable

estimable performances, came into the green-room of Crow-street theatre one morning, when one of the performers asked him if he had seen Mrs. Abington, who had been enquiring for him? O, says Ryder, making a reply, she is now at the *Castle*: Then, Sir, said Gentleman, it may with propriety be called a *Castle of Romance*, for it has now got an *enchantress*!

Related by Lord S——e.

A certain unfeeling Man-midwife, in this capital, who has not a drop of the blood of Fothergill in his composition, was called on by a poor mechanic to give immediate assistance to his wife, who was in such a wretched state that the midwife could administer no ease to her tortures. The carriage was instantly ordered; and the gentleman executed his commission in less than half an hour. When the affair was over he demanded his *fee*. “Upon my word, Sir, (said the poor man) I have it not in the house, but I’ll wait on you in the morning with it.” Morning! morning! (said the feeling gentleman) tell not me of morning—take down that *pier glass*, and take it

it to the *Pawnbroker's* this instant.—The poor man pleaded hard, but all would not avail; away went he and the glass. In his way he met with an arch friend, a gentleman's servant, in livery, to whom he communicated the affair. The man was as poor as his friend, but hit upon a thought of being revenged. I'll tell you what, (says he) do you leave the glass at my house, and we'll find a way of being even with him. It happened to be a rejoicing night, and the man had some *crackers* in his pocket for his amusement. When his poor friend returned, he desired him to give the coachman a pint of beer at the next door, which happened to be a public-house, and while they were there he would cut a hole in the back of the carriage wide enough to receive two crackers. After he had done this, he ran to the coachman and told him he came from the Duke of Devonshire's, where his master was wanted immediately. Down came the Doctor in a hurry, without waiting for his fee, and having spoke to the servant, who happened to be dressed in a good livery, he had not a doubt about the truth. He instantly

stepped into his carriage, and the coachman had drove through two or three streets, when the Doctor was surpris'd with his two *bouncing companions*, who whizz'd and spit about with such fury, that he broke the three glasses endeavouring to protect himself, but all would not do; the crackers seem'd to be fir'd with indignation, and did not spend their rage, till by the explosion of one his hand was severely scorched, and the other expired in the bushy part of his tremendous periwig.

Related with exquisite humour by Lord T.

A certain poet presenting Augustus Cæsar with a copy of verses in his praise, the Emperor gave him in return an epigram of his own composing. The poet, having read it, and seeming to admire it, takes out his purse, and offers the Emperor several pieces of gold. *I would not confine myself to so small a present,* says he, *were my circumstances better.* This hint had the desired effect.

A student in one of our universities sent to another student of his college, to borrow a certain book. *I never lend my books out,* said

C

the

the latter: *But, if the gentleman chuses to come to my chamber, he may make use of it as long as he pleases.* A few days after, he, that had refused his book, sends to the other to borrow a pair of bellows. *I never lend my bellows out,* says this other: *but if the gentleman chuses to come to my chamber, he may make use of them as long as he pleases.*

Both from my Father's Repository.

When Lord Percy was in Limerick with his regiment, some years ago, he observed to an Officer while they were walking the canal, (the public walk for the beaux and belles of that city) that the ladies were so exquisitely beautiful, they might be with truth stiled the *celestial virgins*. Not so, my Lord, (replied his witty companion) their unparalleled pride and ambition pronounce 'em the daughters of *Lucifer*, and they would rather lead apes in hell till the crack of doom, than the poorest of 'em marry a *treedsman* however rich, or respect merit without *coach and fortune*.

Related by Lord T.

Some ladies in the long-room at Bath, observed Colonel J——n was a smart fellow: Mr. Wilkes being present, chose to exercise his wit, by immediately asking him, Who was his taylor? Oh! Sir, says the Colonel, he won't do for you, he deals for ready money only.

Related by my Father.

Pope Sixtus Quintus, some time after his election, sent for his sister to Rome, who till then had lived but in a low way, and was even said to have formerly maintained herself by washing linen. Upon her arrival, Pasquin appeared in a terrible dirty shirt; telling Marforio he must not wonder at it; for that his washerwoman was lately made a Princess.

Ibid.

Lord Bolingbroke said that Lord Oxford often told him, that he had seen, and had in his hands, an original letter that King Charles the First wrote to the Queen, in answer to one of her's, which had been intercepted, and then forwarded to him, wherein she reproached him for "having made those villains too

great concessions," (viz. that Cromwell should be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for life without account, for that kingdom should be in the hands of the party, with an army kept there, which should know no head but the Lieutenant; that Cromwell should have a garter, &c.) and that in this letter of the King's, it was said, "that she should leave him to manage, who was better informed of all circumstances than she could be, but that she might be entirely easy as to whatever concessions he should make them, for in due time he would know how to deal with the rogues, who, instead of a *filken garter*, should be fitted with a *hempen cord*."—So the letter ended.—Which answer, as they waited for, they intercepted accordingly, and it determined his fate. This letter, Lord Oxford said, he had offered 500l. for.

Ibid.

During Lord T.'s residence in Dublin, as V——y, he often went in disguise through the city, to collect those remarks which so eminently distinguish and render his conversation superior to most other Noblemen. He
had

had heard much talk of the wit of a shoe-black in that city, known by the name of Blind Peter, whose stand was always at the Globe Coffee-house door; having found him out, his Lordship stopp'd to get his boots cleaned, which were no sooner done than he asked Peter to give him change for half a guinea. "Half a guinea! your honour, (said the ragged wit) change for half a guinea from me! by G—, Sir, you may as well ask a *highlander* for a *knee-buckle*!"

His Lordship was so well pleased that he left the bit of gold with him, and walked off.

Related by General C.

The famous Marshal Villars was taken notice of for shunning the company of persons of his own years, and affecting to live with young people; which he was once told proceeded from a desire of forgetting that he was old. He answered with great spirit, that he would never suffer his enemies to remember that he was old.

When he was turned of fourscore, he gave such an instance of vivacity, in the war in
C 3 Italy,

Italy, in attacking some squadrons of Imperial horse with the King of Sardinia's guards, that the Monarch politely told him he lost the experienced General in beholding all the ardour of a young Officer; to which the Marshal replied, that lamps were apt to sparkle when they were expiring.

The Marshal had many enemies at the Court of Versailles, who did all they could to lessen him in the esteem of the King. When he was once taking his leave, at his going to command the army in Flanders, *I leave your Majesty*, said he, *in the midst of my own enemies, while I go to oppose your's.*

Certain insolent fellows having presented themselves naked before Livia, the wife of Augustus Cæsar, the Emperor would have condemn'd them to die: but Livia herself thought proper to intercede for them, *Naked men*, said she, *are but statues in the eyes of virtuous women.*

Augustus Cæsar having bequeathed a legacy to the Roman people, which his successor
Tiberius

Tiberius had not yet thought proper to discharge, one day as a dead body was carrying through the market-place, a man drew near and pretended to whisper to it. Being asked what he had said, he replied, that he had charged the deceased to let Augustus know, the people had not yet seen one penny of what he had left them. This piece of humour cost him dear: for, it being brought to the ears of Tiberius, he commanded the man to be immediately put to death; saying, by way of raillery, that he might carry the message himself. Yet the legacy was soon after discharged.

Waller, the poet, having written a copy of verses in praise of King Charles the Second, and presenting them to him, the King reproached him with having written better verses in praise of Cromwell. *Sir, said Waller, we poets commonly succeed better in fiction than in TRUTH.*

From my Father's Collection.

Dr. L—f—n being one night, after he had been at Foote's theatre, at the Bedford Coffee-house,

house, was so ignorant of his own portrait, that he seriously asked Foote who was the Doctor he had handled so severely. *Do not you know?* replied Foote. *He comes here very often, much resembles you, and always lets his stockings hang about his heels.*

Related by Lord T.

Mrs. Wilson, a Grocer's wife, and Mrs. Fawcett, the wife of a Cheesemonger, meeting at a visit, when they had risen up and taking their leaves, the Cheesemonger's wife was going out of the room first; upon which the other stops her, *Madam, says she, nothing comes after cheese.*

I forget who related this.

I wonder my Father missed introducing the following authentic anecdote, into his beautiful collection of good things.

Goupee, an excellent artist, was in high favour with the late Prince of Wales, and he daily attended his Royal Highness to paint pictures on such subjects as he should dictate. One morning, upon Goupee's arrival at Leicester House, "Come, Goupee," said the Prince,

Prince, "fit down and paint me a picture on such a subject." Goupee, perceiving Prince George (his present Majesty) a prisoner behind a chair, took the liberty humbly to represent to his Royal Patron, how impossible it was for him to sit down to execute his Royal Highness's commands with spirit, while the Prince was standing, and under his Royal displeasure. "Come out then, George, (said the good-natured Prince) Goupee has released you." When Goupee was eighty-four, and very poor, he had a mad woman to nurse and maintain, who was the object of his delight when young; he therefore put himself in the King's sight at Kensington, where he lived. At length the King stopped his coach, and called him to him. *How do you do, Goupee?* said the King; and asked him if he had sufficient to live upon. *Little enough, indeed,* answered Goupee, *and as I once took your Majesty out of prison, I hope you will not let me go into one.* The humane Monarch was graciously pleased to order Goupee a guinea a week for his life, which he enjoyed only a few weeks, dying soon after.

When Miss C. returned from her hymeneal trip to Gretna-Green, as Countess of W. her mother, at their first interview, asked her what could be her motive for concealing her inclinations to matrimony from her, who had always proved herself as much of a confidential friend as a mother. *You know, my Dear,* said the good-natured lady, *I had many objects in view as illustrious as Lord W. Very like, Madam,* says the new-married lady, without meaning to be pointed, *I have not a doubt of your kindness towards me, in pointing out a number of flattering objects, but I remember at the same time an observation of your's, which I have followed in the present instance, A bird in the hand is worth two in a bush!*

Related by Colonel T.

When the regiment of Highlanders, which is now at Gibraltar, were first landed, their Commander waited on General Eliot to know at what time the next morning he would review them on the parade, he replied at eleven o'clock. The scare crows, (for such they were then, though now an excellent regiment) were ordered out accordingly, and the warrior

warrior made his appearance on an old and valuable horse that has been his companion for many years. The instant the General set eyes on 'em he turned his head aside, protested he would not look on 'em, and taking off his hat at the same time, put it over the eyes of his horse, exclaiming, *You have seen the flower of the British army, and d——n me if you shall look at these.*—So saying, he turned his horse's head about and rode away.

Related by Sir R. C.

Foote being at a private concert, where Lord Sandwich played the kettle-drums, he was asked by one of the cognoscenti, what he thought of his Lordship's performance? Why, (said the wag) I think he would do finely to beat up for recruits for the *marine service*; and this would be a greater proof than he ever gave of his skill in *nautical affairs*.

Related by my Father.

A late distinguished lady in Ireland having left a small estate to an Hibernian of fair proportion, for services of the most estimable kind, the lady's niece told him with a sneer,

that he had bought that estate of her aunt's very cheap. *Madam*, said he, *if you think so, you shall have it at the same PRICE.*

Related by Lord C——e.

An Author's wife having occasion to call at a Bookfeller's, and being pressed to sit down, Mr. Vamp's wife, who was in the room, either through pride or bashfulness, never opened her lips the whole time. A gentleman present taking notice of such strange behaviour, asked the lady, in a whisper, what it could be owing to. *Oh, my dear Sir*, said she very smartly, *a TITLE PAGE has very FEW WORDS.*

Related by Dr. J——.

An Archbishop had a slovenly habit of keeping his hand in his breeches. Rising up once in this posture in the House of Peers, with some papers in the other hand, *I have something*, said he, *in my hand, to offer for the benefit of Officer's widows.*—*Pray, my Lord*, said the Duke of Wharton, *In which hand?*

Related by Lord T.

One Sunday, Dr. Swift happened to be at *Donnybrook Church*, near *Dublin*, when Dr. *Whittington*, Archdeacon of the Diocese, not coming in time, put on the surplice, began the service, and was near the end of the first lesson when the Archdeacon entered. The instant he came into the desk, the Dean took off the surplice, gave it to him, and desired him to go on, shewing him the last verse he had read; which he was obliged to comply with. This astonished the congregation, but particularly the Archdeacon, who asked the Dean the cause of such behaviour. To which he answered, *You should not keep so many people waiting for you, some of whom perhaps have several miles to ride to dinner, which may be spoiled by your delay.*

Related by my Father.

When the ingenious Mr. Gentleman, author of that excellent work, the *Dramatic Censor*, began his dramatic career, he brought out a tragedy in Bath, intitled *The SULTAN*, which was very well received by the audience, tho' played by a set of miserable performers. When the curtain dropp'd, Mr. Gentleman
met

met Quin, who attended the representation, and asked him how he was entertained? *Why faith, Frank, said the wit, the piece is very good, but all your MUSSLEMEN were SPRATS.*

Related by Mrs. Abington.

Reading a life of Garrick, by Mr. Davies, I was surprized not to meet with the following beautiful remark of the inimitable Lord Chesterfield. — It was in the administration of this Nobleman in Ireland, that Barry made his appearance on the stage, which was an appearance of the first magnitude. The observant and ingenious Earl was asked by a Nobleman his opinion of Garrick and Barry. To which he answered, *My Lord, Mr. Barry has all that Garrick HAS, and all that Garrick WANTS.*

Related to my Father by the late Earl Bathurst.

Francis the First of France, having lost the battle of Pavia, in which he had behaved with the greatest bravery, and being taken prisoner, wrote to his mother in these terms, *Madam, we have lost every thing, except our honour.*

A Cam-

A Cambridge scholar, conducting the daughter of a Bookbinder of that town thro' a crowd, took hold of the sleeve of her gown. *Don't pull too hard*, said one of his acquaintance that met him, *for fear you should pull her out of the binding.*—*I don't care if I do*, replied the other: *For I should like her better in sheets.*

A whimsical fellow appearing in mourning when no death in his family had been heard of, one of his acquaintance asked him for whom he mourned. *For a small relation*, said he.—*Pray what small relation?* *Why, you must know my sister was with child, and she has miscarried.*

A gentleman having related a piece of wit, of which he at the same time declared he knew not the author, *I believe*, said one of the company, *It is my Lord C——d's.*—*My Lord C——d*, said another, *is Lord of the Manor of Parnassus; and all the stray wit is his.*

The late King of Prussia asked Sir Robert Sutton, at a review of his tall grenadiers, if

he

he thought an equal number of Englishmen could beat them. *I won't affirm*, said Sir Robert, *that an equal number could beat them; but I believe half the number would try.*

A lady confessing her sins, the Confessor, to whom she was a stranger, had the impertinent curiosity to enquire her name. *Reverend Father*, said she, *there is no sin in my name.*

These six are from my Father's Repository.——I hope he won't be angry at my making so free.

Bishop Burnet, who was a tall, large-bon'd man, preaching once with great vehemence before King Charles the Second, and having delivered a religious truth, (or what he took for such) *Who dares deny it?* said he; giving at the same time a terrible thump on the cushion. *By G—d*, said the King in a whisper, *nobody that stands within the reach of that damned great fist of your's.*

Related by my Hair-Dresser.

When Foote heard of Tenducci's marriage, he said his wife must be very fond of a man, when she would marry the representative only
of

of one. And when it was reported she was pregnant, Well, said Sam, *that fellow is in great luck to get journeymen so easily, when even the Taylors, who are but the ninth parts of men, will not work for legal wages.*

Related by Lord T.

The unfortunate Ned Purdon, (on whom Dr. Goldsmith wrote a whimsical * Epitaph) after a variety of misfortunes in the literary world, enlisted in a regiment ordered to Scotland. While he was standing centinel in Edinburgh, a General Officer passed him by, to whom he complained that he wanted shoes. *'Tis very fit you should have a pair,* said the General. Thereupon he takes a piece of chalk, and chalks out a pair of shoes upon the centry-box. *There's a pair for you,* adds he, and goes his way. His back was no sooner turn'd than the foldier chalks out a man standing centinel, and then goes *his way.* The General, presently after, was surprized to

- * Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who was long time a Bookseller's hack:
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

meet

meet the fellow in the town, and enquired, with severe threats, how he came to leave his post. Sir, said he, *I am relieved.*—*Relieved? that's impossible at this time of day. Who has relieved you?—One, that (I'll answer for it) won't stir from his post,* replied the foldier. Hereupon the General goes with him to the place. *There, Sir, says the fellow; if I am to look upon this as a good pair of shoes, you must own that this is likewise a very good centinel.*

-nill Related by Sir J. R.

Edward Capel, Esq. late Inspector of the plays, for some time past never went out of doors but twice in a year. On the 10th of May he got into his post-chaise, and drove to Hastings in Suffex; and on the 20th of September he drove from his house at Hastings in Suffex to his chambers in Brick-court in the Temple. The same gentleman transcribed the works of Shakespeare ten times with his own hand.

Related by the Duke of M.

A short

A short while after the separation had taken place between Lord D—— and his Lady, his Lordship, in a conversation with Lady B. T. protested his life was a burthen to him while his Lady lived with him. *Indeed!* said Lady B. T. *Pray what was the Lady's greatest crime, or what did she do to make your life so very wretched?* Her terms (said his Lordship) were the hardest in the world; I could not *stand up to them*. If you could not *stand up to them*, said the Lady, taking him up smartly, I think, my Lord, you could not act otherwise than letting the subject remain *dead!*

Related by Major S. L.

A number of Shakespeare's plays having a considerable run at Covent-garden and Drury-lane, some few years since, I was observing to Lord T——d what an honour it was to the matchless author, when his Lordship, whose wit is brilliant and ready upon all occasions, replied—

Surely poor Shakespeare has very bad hap. For he still has a *running*, and still has a *clap*.

When

When C. Fox relinquished his Secretaryship, I was asked my opinion of the resignation by Lord C——. To whom I replied: I viewed the *fate* of the *ex-minister* in the light of a *guinea*, which was at one time in the hands of a *Queen*, and is now in the fob of a greasy *Israelite*.

A young fellow confessed himself to a Priest, and told him, that since his last confession, he had committed fornication six times. For this the Priest enjoin'd him to repeat a rosary; which is a certain number of prayers. Shortly after, comes another, who had been nine times guilty; for which he was ordered a rosary and an half. In a few days comes a third, who confessed to eleven times. *Eleven?* said the Priest. *Eleven? That's a puzzling sort of number; a number I am not used to. Therefore, my Friend, e'en go and do it once more, and then say two rosaries.*

Related by Earl M.

Sir Nicholas Bacon, going to pass sentence of death upon a criminal, was greatly importuned by him to save his life. Among other reasons

reasons alledged, he told him he was his relation. *How do you prove that?* said the Judge.—*My Lord*, said the fellow, *Your name is Bacon, and my name is Hog; and in all ages, Hog and Bacon have been reckoned akin.—But*, replied the Judge, *Hog is never Bacon till it has been well hang'd. Therefore you must be hang'd before you can be any relation of mine.*

Related by my Father, who had it I believe from
Joe Miller.

Foot, Collins, the celebrated poet, and one or two of their acquaintances, went once to hear Orator Henley, one of whose subjects that evening was a fellow who had been lately hanged at Tyburn. While he was haranguing hereupon, these sparks took it into their heads to groan: upon which Henley stops short, *Gentlemen*, says he, *You have a right to groan; for I make no doubt the deceased was one of your dearest relations.*

In Ghent there are two religious orders of females, called the *Beckinage*; they wear a particular dress, and live together, but go in and out *ad libitum*, and may marry if they please,

please, and can find husbands. The Emperor, who visited these females, and wished to be well informed of every thing relative to them, at length desired one of them (*rather elderly*) to let him see her bed-chamber: this she positively refused; it was contrary to the oath she had taken, and the rules of the house, she said. But being told, that the mighty man who required a sight of it was the fountain from which their vows, and even their existence sprang, she at length, with much warmth replied, Why then he shall see my bed-chamber, but I insist upon it that he comes up *quite alone*; and the general opinion is, that the chastity of the lady remains unfulfilled by the Emperor. How it stands with her Confessor, is a secret they will probably carry to their graves.

The following story is related as having happened in a village of the mountains of Aosta in Piedmont, where not only all the inhabitants, but even their horses, fowls, &c. have large wens on their necks, supposed to be caused by the snow-water they generally drink. A woman who had no wen, coming
into

into the church during the time of sermon, a general laughter was excited by such an uncommon appearance. Even the preacher, after discovering the cause of the disturbance, could not contain himself; but soon recovering his sacerdotal gravity, he represented to his auditory, that in what they had done they might properly mean no ill, but that the natural defects of our neighbour were not a subject for laughter or mockery; that a christian, upon seeing such spectacles, should rather be thankful to his Maker for his bounty to him, than insult his fellow-creature, from whom God has withheld his gifts.

It was in the wars of Italy, and in the service of France, that in the year 1524, the famous Chevalier *Bayard*, famous for his valour in war, and for his virtues in peace, received his death's wound, at the affair of Rebec. As he lay expiring at the foot of a tree, CHARLES of Bourbon, who, out of a *pique* against the court, had taken a command in the army of the enemies, that were then pursuing the French forces in their retreat, came to the very spot where *Bayard* was breathing

breathing his last. “ *Hah!* (says he) *Chevalier, I am exceeding sorry to find you in this condition! I have ever honoured you for your nobleness of spirit.*”——“ *Reserve* (answered Bayard sternly to him) *your pity for yourself: It is you that are the greater object of it. I am dying with a just satisfaction, in the acquittal of my duty to my King and country; you are living to the foul disgrace and dishonour of yourself by your disloyalty. Hasten then, and try to deserve your pardon, by an effectual return to your allegiance.*”——So said, he disdainfully averted his eyes from him, as if unwilling that his last moments should be polluted with the sight of a TRAITOR.

In the *Place des Victoires* (Victory-Square) at Paris, is the statue of Lewis the 14th on a high pedestal, with the figure of Victory behind him, going to crown him with laurel. Round the pedestal are four Slaves chained, representing the Empire, Spain, England, and Holland. In the time of Queen Anne's wars, when the armies of Lewis had received several signal defeats, a German Officer, considering the

the attitude of Victory holding the Crown over the King's head, expressed himself thus laconically in Latin, *Adfert? an Aufert? Is she bringing it to him? Or is she taking it away?*

Dr. Swift was very fond of his servants, whom on any neglect he punished in a humorous manner, rather than with severity. His cook-maid, Catharine, had obtained leave to go to *Rathfarnham*, near *Dublin*, on a summer's evening, and being got half the way, a mile or so on the road, the Dean dispatched a man and horse after her, with charge to bring her back directly, to dress supper for some guests which he had not expected; but not to give her a lift on the horse. She was about as fat as Mrs. Webb, of Covent-garden theatre, and the weather melting warm; and when she returned to the Deanery-house, she was all in a bath! and very gravely making a court'sey, asked his Reverence what were his commands?—*Not much, Catharine*, said the Dean, *only you forgot to shut the door. You may go to Rathfarnham.* Poor Catharine, thus mortified, went down to the kitchen, undressed

herself in tears, and deferred the journey to another opportunity.

This, and the five that precede it, are from my Father's Repository.

It is an old remark, that favourite boys are allowed to prattle without paying attention to time or place: their doating mamma's never visit the nursery, they know not the terrors of the rod, and they are ungoverned in every thing. Master Siddons, the son of Mrs. Siddons, who appears with her in the Fatal Marriage, is one of these young gentlemen. He walked up to Mr. Smith, in the green-room of Drury-lane theatre, a short while after his mother became a favourite, and addressed him with, "I'll tell you what, Mr. Smith, my uncle will be soon in this theatre, and he'll take all your parts from you."—"Very like, my dear, said the tragedian; but you may tell your Mamma, who I suppose taught you this lesson, that I would rather give my *parts* to her; I am certain she can give *more pleasure* with 'em, and I'll put 'em into her *hand* with *rapture* as soon as she likes!"

Related by Lord C.

In

In the time of the civil wars of *France*, a certain *Hugonot* Lord, of cruel disposition, put several of his prisoners to death, by obliging them to jump down from the top of a high tower. A soldier, whom he had condemned to die in this manner, having advanced twice to the brink of the tower, and drawn back as often, the Nobleman, in great fury, swore that if he did not go down the third time of his advancing, he should be put to a still much crueller death. *Why Sir,* said the soldier, *As easy a matter as you may think it, I'll hold you a wager that you don't do it even in four times.* This pleasant reply saved his life.

Related by Miss V.

Orders have been sent to all the Post-masters throughout England and Wales, to transmit to the General Post-office, with the utmost diligence and dispatch, an account of the number of stage-coaches, post-coaches, and diligences, kept at the towns of their respective residences, with an exact detail of the days and hours of their departure and return, of the number of passengers they usually

carry, inside and outside, and of the prices for both; by which it is conjectured that a new tax is on the tapis; and if so, our correspondent observes with regret, that the greatest part of his Majesty's subjects must turn *foot-pads*.

Related by C. F.

Foote never could lose an opportunity of being smart, let it be at whose expence it might, or upon ever so melancholy an occasion. The late unfortunate Dr. Dodd belonged to a *Whist Club*, of which Foote was a member. The Doctor had had a great run of ill luck, and was, in the gamester's phraseology, *tied-up*: that is, he received a guinea to pay twenty, if ever he played again for above a guinea. On the day of the Doctor's execution, the Earl of S. called upon Foote, who had been to see the Doctor go to the fatal tripod. I have been, said his Lordship, to see the unfortunate Doctor meet his doom; I suppose he is launched into eternity by this time. *How so*, says Foote, *you know he was* TIED-UP *long ago*.

Related by George S——n.

Quin

Quin being at a Bristol feast, where the company were all extolling a *ham*, a *fat Alderman*, who had cut pretty deep in it, was observing, "that for his part, he saw no reason why the Bristol *hams* should not be as valuable as the Westphalia; our *hogs* are every way as good, and we feed them as well," says he. "Ay, but, Sir," replied Quin, looking significantly at him, "consider, it would be *murder* to kill them."

Related by Miss V.

When Mrs. Abington was on her journey to Dublin, some years ago, she observed on one of the windows of an inn she stopt at, in the Chester road, the following inscription cut with a pencil: "My Lord D—— has the *softest* kissing lips in the world:" Upon which she took out her pencil and wrote underneath;

Then as like as two chips
Are his *head* and his *lips*.

Related by Lord S——e.

I have been informed the following is a fact, which I am very sorry for, as I have the greatest respect for her GRACE of DEVONSHIRE.

A LITERARY person, of her own sex, with every previous mark of respect on her part, and condescending permission on that of the Duchess, dedicates a moral work, consisting of two volumes, to her *Grace*.—In return, she desired the author to send her a number of copies, bound in the same splendid manner as those which she had already presented to her *Grace*. When she had thus obeyed her *Grace's* commands, the female author and her works were so far forgotten, that she did not even take the necessary notice of paying her for completing her commission. After waiting a considerable length of time, at proper intervals, and in a very respectful manner, she addressed several letters to her *Grace*, to which no answers were given. At length, irritated by such neglect, and apprehensive the debt incurred might be totally forgotten, the author caused it to be intimated to some friends

friends of her Grace, that, if she did not pay her for the books, her conduct, with all its circumstances, should appear in a public paper. Alarm'd at this, or, at least, influenced by LADY SPENCER, her excellent mother, who knew how ill she had behaved in this business, the Duchess condescended to send the author the mighty boon of TWENTY POUNDS! and, either from *ignorance* or *insolence*, we can hardly suppose it *emptiness of purse*, that sum was, by order of her Grace, composed of almost every species of coin current in this kingdom! Pitiful resentment.—When we look over this, who can forbear dropping a tear to the memory of that glorious character, the Duchess of Northumberland?

Related by Mrs. Robinson.

Dr. Swift, walking with the celebrated Dr. Young, and some others, about a mile from Dublin, the Dean stopp'd short. The company pass'd on; but not seeing him follow, Dr. Young went back, and found the Dean fixed as a statue, earnestly gazing at a lofty elm, which in its uppermost branches was much withered and decayed. Pointing to it,

he said, *I shall be like that tree, I shall die at top.*

Related by Mrs. Robinson.

His late Majesty was once so offended at the opposition some of his ministers made to his naming a particular gentleman to an office, that he threw up the sash, leaned out of the window, and would not speak to them. After some considerable time, the Earl of Chesterfield, who was waiting to write down his instructions, asked him whose name he would please to have put in the patent. *The devil's, if you will,* said the King. *And would your Majesty,* replied his Lordship, *have the address run in the usual form of OUR DEARLY BELOVED COUSIN AND COUNSELLOR?* This piece of wit brought his Majesty into temper again.

Related by my Father.

Derrick, (who succeeded Nash as Master of the Ceremonies at Bath) was often so poor before his exaltation, that he had neither shoes nor stockings that were wearable.—Being in this situation one day at Forrest's Coffee-house, Charing-cross, he retired several

ral times to the Cloacinian temple to coax his stockings, which wickedly displayed every few minutes such conspicuous holes, as put even the King out of countenance. Dr. Smollet was present, and perceiving his embarrassment, said to him, "Why, *Derrick*, you are devilishly plagued with a looseness, or else you would not repair so often to the cabinet?" Derrick thought to get rid of the observation by a joke, and, in exposing his poverty, obtain a pair of good stockings, as there was no stranger in the room.—*Egad, Doctor*, said he, *the looseness is in my heels, as you may plainly perceive.* *Faith, Derrick*, said Smollet, *I always thought so, for your feet stink damnably.* The misfortune was, the observation was but too true. However, the Doctor, to make him some reparation for the severity of his jest, took him home to Chelsea, gave him a good dinner, and, upon his departure, slipped a guinea into his hand, to equip his legs and feet for the next day.

Related by C. F.

Lady C. found fault with Colonel T——is dancing, and said he straddled too much.

D 5.

The

The gentleman, knowing who he had to deal with, retorted in the following manner: *Madam, if you had that between your legs that I have between mine, you would straddle a great deal more.*

Related by George S——n.

At a commencement in *Trinity College, Dublin*, sometime about the year 1734, Dr. Swift came into the *Regent House*, where the *Vice-Chancellor, Doctors, and Masters* were sitting. On his entrance, the Master nearest the door rose up, and so on in succession, until he advanced towards the head of the room, where the *Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Stearne, Bishop of Clogher, and Dr. Baldwin, Provost*, sat as Presidents; and, notwithstanding all the discouragements of the *Vice-Chancellor* and others at that end of the room, almost every one found themselves in a disposition to rise up. The same happened to *Virgil* in the *Senate of Rome*.

Related by the late Earl of Chesterfield.

There being a great crowd of ladies about the door of the House of Commons the first day Mr. Fox spoke, after resigning his Secretaryship,

taryship, the door-keeper, in an audible voice that resounded through St. Stephen's Chapel, bawled out, *Pray, Ladies, fall back, and open to the right and left, that the members may go in.*

Related by General C.

Sir S. C. waiting on Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, with an address, and being rather a bulky man, had some difficulty in rising after kissing his Highness's hand, and in the attempt a pretty loud *erepitus* exploded.—How now, cries the Protector,—do you, Sir, in my presence, dare to release prisoners? No, please your Highness, replies the Knight, it was an impudent rascal that escaped through the postern.

Related by Lord T.

ANECDOTES of the present EMPEROR of GERMANY.—This amiable Prince had determined to visit Paris in the month of January, 1777; but the great quantities of snow that had fallen in Austria and Bavaria, had rendered the roads impracticable, and obliged his Majesty to postpone his journey. Being told by one of his courtiers that some hundreds of

peasants would soon clear the roads, he nobly answered, "I would rather sacrifice every pleasure of my life, than give pain to the meanest of my subjects."

His Majesty often drives through the streets of Vienna in a cabriolet, a kind of one-horse chaise. One day he happened to overset a green-stall, and the woman, who knew him not, while she was gathering her cabbages and carrots, loaded him with a thousand reproaches. The moment he had returned to the palace, he sent a dozen ducats to the good woman, with this observation, "I think she will now be satisfied. This will repair any injury I may have done her, and she has had sufficient leisure to abuse me."

Before he quitted the frontiers of Austria, the Emperor, who travelled incognito, happened to meet with one of those vain-glorious beings, who, in reality, are little, in the very proportion in which they would exalt themselves above their inferiors; forgetting, that the virtues only form the real distinctions between men, and that in the beginning all were equal. This singular adventure is thus related: The Count of Falkenstein (the title under

under which the Emperor travelled) had scarce alighted at an inn, when he saw a very splendid equipage, preceded and followed by a great number of postillions. Enquiring what Nobleman it was who travelled with such parade, he was informed, that it was the Bishop of ***, who was going to Vienna, accompanied by his Grand Vicar. Certain of not being known, the Count sent to request the Bishop would permit him to have the honour to sup with him. The Prelate received with great coolness this self-invitation, from a man whom he thought of such inferior rank; nor would he have admitted the stranger to his table, but for the pressing instances of his Grand Vicar. Apprehensive, however, of doing him too much honour, the Bishop with difficulty deigned, during the repast, to address two or three words to the illustrious traveller; and the conversation would have been extremely languid, but for the politeness of the Grand Vicar, who, after displaying a great deal of wit and good sense, informed the Count, that the Bishop was going to court to solicit for a rich Abbey, now vacant, and which he was certain of obtaining. His Majesty

jeſty retired, as little ſatisfied with the ridiculous vanity of the Prelate, as charmed with the excellent qualities he had diſcovered in his companion. The Biſhop had no ſooner arrived at Vienna, than he repaired to the Prime Miniſter, with all the certainty of ſucceſs. But how great was his mortification in being informed, that this rich Abbey was diſpoſed of to his own Grand Vicar, at the recommendation of the Nobleman with whom he had ſupped at ſuch an inn.

From the Morning Herald.

Lord Cheſterfield aſked Lady Bridget Lane, during her late widowhood, how ſhe liked his Maſteſty. To which ſhe answered, with her wonted vivacity, *That's not a fair queſtion, my Lord, while the QUEEN is living.*

Related by George S——n.

One of the laſt times the late Earl of Cheſterfield appeared at court, two ladies, rather of the demirep order, came up to him. So, *my Lord*, ſaid one of them, *now I ſuppoſe we ſhall hear of our faults.* “Indeed you miſtake, Madam, replied the Earl, with his wonted vivacity

vivacity and frankness, I never chuse to talk of what the whole town talks of already."

Related by Miss V.

A certain Justice of the Peace seeing Dr. Warburton, the late Bishop of Gloucester, on a very stately horse, riding between London and Hampstead, said to some gentlemen who were with him, "Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud Priest has got? I'll banter him a little." *Doctor*, said he, *you don't follow the example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass.* Why, really, Sir, (replied Warburton) the king has lately made so many asses *Justices*, that an honest Clergyman can hardly find one to ride, if he had a mind to it.

Related by Foote.

A Painter, viewing a full length picture of a gentleman, in a beautiful landscape, with a large tree, and attended by his dog; a gentleman who stood by, knowing the Painter bore an inveterate hatred to the original of the picture, asked him his opinion of it. He said

said the *tree* wanted *execution*; and that the Painter had not done *justice* to the *dog*.

Related by Mrs. Robinson.

Dr. Swift, in a journey from *Drogheda* to *Navan*, rode before his company—made a sudden stop—dismounted his horse—fell on his knees—lifted up his hands, and prayed in the most devout manner. When his friends came up, he desired and insisted on their alighting, which they did, and asked him the meaning. *Gentlemen*, said he, *pray join your hearts in fervent prayers with mine, that I may never be like this oak tree, which is decayed and withered at the top, whilst all the other parts are sound.*

Related by Dr. Warburton, who had it from Pope.

Chatting with Miss V.—on one morning, on fidelity, which, I observed, is a very rare though estimable quality; the lady, without meaning to be pointed, said, Any man might trust his most *private affairs* in her hands, and be no sufferer; that I firmly believe, Madam, replied I.

Master

Master Siddons, who is a very voluble young gentleman, was so transported the night his aunt, Miss Kemble, appeared in Alicia, that he asked the veteran manager, his grand-papa, when he would favour the public with the remainder of his children; and without giving the mock monarch time to answer, went on and told him what he heard a certain gentleman say that morning; that when his *great* uncle, the Roscius of Smock-alley, makes his appearance in London, Mr. Smith, Mr. Bensley, Mr. Aickin, and the rest of the buskined heroes, will be just like the troops of Lilliput marching between the legs of Gulliver! Bravo! says Mr. Dodd——Bravissimo! says Mrs. B——y. Lord, what a powerful man he must be! says little *Tycho*. Amazingly so indeed! says the lady; but the *proweßs* of the *human machine*, as Shakespeare beautifully expresses himself, will appear in the *action*; I never, says the witty lady, judge of *things by report*.

Related by Mrs. Robinson.

A number of Noblemen and Gentlemen of the law dining with Lord Thurlow, the present
Lord

Lord Chancellor, a few days after his recovery from a fit of illness, one of them jocularly observed, "that he was very near losing the *Seals*:"—"Very true, Sir, (says his Lordship) and that would be rather hard too before I had made an *impression*."

Related by my Father.

An Instance of POPISH SUPERSTITION.

Pacheco relates that the pious Juanes, an eminent Spanish Painter, who never visited the easel without first approaching the altar, and who as he gave his characters life, gave them also adoration; while engaged in painting the famous picture of the Immaculate Conception, at the immediate desire of the Blessed Virgin, being one day seated on a scaffold at work upon the upper parts of the picture, the frame gave way, and the Painter was in the act of falling, when the holy personage whose portrait he had finished, stepped suddenly forward out of the canvas, and seizing his hand, preserved him from the fall. This being done, and Juanes' safe landed on the floor, the gracious lady, with all possible composure,

composure, returned to her post, and has continued there ever since, dispensing her favours to her supplicants and worshippers.

Related by the Bishop of L.

Monf. Bouret, the famous Fermier General, a man of immense fortune, but stupid even to a proverb, being one day in the King's apartment at Versailles, called L'œil de beuf, where two Noblemen were engaged in a party at Piquet,—one of them happening to play the wrong card, and by that lost the game, he exclaimed, Oh, what a *Bouret* am I! Offended at this liberty, *Bouret* instantly resented it in these words:—Sir, you are an *afs*.—The very thing I meant, replied the other, with a *sang froid* that gave the epigram its full poignancy.

Related by George S——n.

Mrs. Swift, the mother of Dr. Swift, came to Ireland to visit him some time before she died. The morning after her arrival, she asked her landlady if she could keep a secret? who replied, *She could very well*. Upon which she enjoined her not to make the matter public,

lic, which she was now going to communicate to her. *I have a spark in this town, that I carried on a correspondence with whilst I was in England. He will be here presently, to pay his addressees, for he has heard by this time of my arrival. But I would not have the matter known.* Soon after this a rap was heard at the door; and Dr. Swift walked up stairs. The landlady retired; but, after a little time, she was called; and then Mrs. Swift introduced her to her son, and said, *This is my spark I was telling you of: this is my lover; and indeed the only one I shall ever admit to pay their addressees to me.* The Doctor smiled at his mother's humour, and afterwards paid his duty to her every day unsuspected by the landlady, whom he invited some years afterwards to take care of his family affairs, when he became *Dean of St. Patrick's.*

Related by Dr. J.

A French gentleman fell desperately in love with Miss Sterne, the accomplished daughter of our immortal English Yorick, and possessing a soul o'erflowing with generosity, he wrote to Sterne, to know what fortune he would
give

give her at *present*, and how much at his *death*:—The humourist sat down and wrote him the following answer.

S I R,

I shall give my daughter ten thousand pounds the day of marriage—my calculation is as follows—she is not eighteen, you are sixty-two—there goes five thousand pounds—then, Sir, you at least think her not ugly—she has many accomplishments, speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guittar; and as I fear *you play upon no instrument whatever*, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds.

Related by Mrs. Robinson.

Meeting Lord S——e in a room where there was a number of faded portraits, I asked his Lordship who the Painter was, for the style seemed to be the same throughout; he replied, they were all painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Then, said I, Sir Joshua will be in a worse situation in a few years than Macbeth, for instead of a dozen *ghosts* haunting him,

him, he is likely to have an army of *ghastly shades*.

The best picture of Mr. Garrick, is by Mr. Dance, who painted him in the character of Richard the Third. This excellent picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and drew crowds to the room for some days. As Garrick was returning from the exhibition one morning, he was met by a Nobleman of his acquaintance, who asked him, How he did? "Why, faith, my Lord," replied Garrick, "but *so-so* this morning; but if your Lordship will walk up stairs, you will see me as well as ever I was in my life."

Related by Mrs. Robinson.

The unfortunate *Sam Boyce*, the poet, made it his constant practice to lie in bed every Sunday, and scribble short poems for the magazines. Mr. *Hervey* (the author of the *Meditations*) had a great friendship for *Boyce*, and often assisted him; his poem of the *Deity*, *Hervey* was often heard to say was inferior to no poem in the English language. Calling at *Boyce's* lodgings one Sunday morning, and finding

finding him in bed, he sharply reprimanded him:—"I am very sorry, (says the poet) a Clergyman of your acknowledged sense understands the scripture no better. Don't you know, my good Sir, the sabbath was appointed a day of rest."

Related by Colonel St. L.

In Scott's book, entitled *Mensa Philosophica*, appears the following whimsical anecdote.—A woman, who was gone to make her confession to a Friar, had been secretly followed by her husband, who was jealous of her; and he had hid himself in some place in the church, whence he might spy her; but as soon as he saw her led behind the altar by the Priest, in order to be flagellated, he made his appearance, objected that she was too tender to bear a flagellation, and offered to receive it in her stead. This proposal the wife much applauded; and the husband had no sooner placed himself upon his knees, than she exclaimed, "Now, my good father! lay on lustily, for I am a great sinner."

Related by Garrick.

A gen-

A gentleman who cuts no small figure in the literary world, presented an address to Mr. Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, requesting a small favour. His address was wrote with black, red, and yellow ink; and being asked the reason of the different coloured inks, replied, “the *black* is to intimate the gravity of my address;—the *red*, that I am flushed with the hopes of success;—and the *yellow*, that a disappointment would immediately throw me into a *fit of the yellow jaundice*.”

Related by Lord M.

A very warm debate taking place in the House of Commons, a Nobleman enquired whether Mr. F—— thundered with the oppositionists; being answered in the negative, he thought something very uncommon must have kept him away: My Lord, replied I, we have now two distinguished Houses of Commons in this capital; Mr. F—— has changed places, and he now exerts his extraordinary prowess, faithfully supported by two *leading members*, in the *House of Commons* in Berkley-square.

The

The late King, one afternoon at his coffee, asked the Countess of Yarmouth, *What be dat Foote's, dat make so much noise in de Haymarket?* "Oh, Sir," replied the lady, "he is an astonishing mimic." *A mimique, we have no mimique in Germany; we have indeed, des buffons.* Just as the conversation had gone so far upon the subject, the clock struck five, and, as usual, they retired to take an *afternoon's nap*. This being told circumstantially to Foote by the Page in waiting, he instantly said, *The Countess is undoubtedly the greatest mimic in Europe, for she can take the King off whenever she pleases.*

Related in a convivial hour by Mrs. Robinson.

Dr. Johnson sitting one night with a number of ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance, the ladies, by way of heightening the good-humour of the company, agreed to toast ordinary women, and to match them with ordinary men. In this round, one of the ladies gave Miss Williams, an old house-keeper of Dr. Johnson's, blind of an eye, and another matched her with Dr. Goldsmith: this whimsical union so pleased the former

E

lady,

lady, that though she had some pique with the latter the beginning of the night, she ran round the table, kissed her, and said she forgave her every thing that happened for the *propos* of her last toast. "Ay, (says Johnson) this puts me in mind of an observation of Swift's, that the quarrels of women are made up like those of ancient Kings; *there is always an animal sacrificed on the occasion.*"

Related by the Duchess of R.

Count Tracey, (a hero in the wars of Venus, well known some years ago about Covent-garden) was calumniated by an Officer, when the Count swore he would commence an action against him, for ruining his character: "Poo, poo, (said Foote) be quiet — if he has ruined your character, so much the better; for it was a damned bad one, and the sooner it was destroyed, the more to your advantage."

Related by the Duchess of D.

A young lady near Grosvenor-square, whose fortune, when of age, will be 8000 l. eloped with a young clergyman; she went from her guardian's

guardian's house about seven o'clock, in order, as she said, to go to the play, but it is thought took the road to Hymen's Paradise, *Gretna-Green*. Next morning her guardian received a letter, containing only these words: "Love has the wings of a dove; man has the only instrument of true harmony; and to be a sharer of the luscious notes, I would fly with him to the most distant region!"

Related by Mrs. Robinson.

In a select company some time ago, I observed to Lady B. T. what an excellent foreknowledge she seemed to have of *things*. "O! my dear Sir," (said she, with the utmost readiness) "I could interpret between you and your love, *if I could see the puppets dallying!*"

Related by a Lady at Windsor.

A country gentleman was pressed by a friend to see Mrs. Siddons in *Jane Shore*, which happened on the night Mr. Hull was borrowed from Covent-garden theatre, to exhibit his delightful powers in the part of *Gloster*. The gentleman was so disgusted with Miss Kemble's

dainty Alicia, Mr. Bensley's *raven harmony*, and the three first acts, Mrs. Siddons's character excepted, that he fell asleep, and continued in that state till angry Gloster raised his terrific voice, commanding the lovely strumpet to be turned adrift in the tide of famine; at this instant the gentleman bounced up, crying out, Damn it, Thomas, reach me the blunderbuss! I thought I killed this cawing devil yesterday; I'll cut down all the trees round my house, before I'll be pestered with this discordant visiter!

Related by my Father.

When Mr. Rigby heard that Col. Holroyd was created Lord *Sheffield*, he waited on his Majesty, in high dudgeon, observing, that his great and meritorious services deserved to be rewarded with a peerage, as well as Lord Sheffield.—“ Well, well, Rigby, you shall have a peerage whenever you please; but pray what title have you fixed upon?” “ Please your Majesty, I think I shall take my title from my estate at Miftly.”—“ No, no, Rigby, Lord Miftly does not sound well at all: as I have lately created Holroyd Lord
Sheffield,

Sheffield, I shall command a peerage speedily to be made out for you by the title of *Lord Birmingham*—Ha! ha! ha!”—which royal witticism so disconcerted Dick, that he instantly dropped the subject; and his Majesty relates the joke to every one at court.

Related by the Duke of N.

Foote meeting with an old acquaintance, who had long been a limb of the law, and who had often, through the crevices of his cloaths, shewn his nakedness, meeting him in a decent suit of mourning, in the month of November, asked Latitat if he could congratulate him upon any lucky windfall, pointing to his fables.—“No,” replied Latitat, “you know it is term time.” *Faith, that is true, said the wit, it has been a long vacation for your Taylor.*

Related by Lord T.

The celebrated Kitty Nelson, thinking to secure the affections of the late S——n Ambassador, dressed herself in a splendid manner, not forgetting an uncommon coat of the white and red upon her face, and repaired to his Excellency's chapel. Ned Shuter, who had

intimation of this trip, arrived a few minutes before her, and placing himself near the *holy water*, he (observing her pass it by as she entered) dipt his hand in it and sprinkled her face very plentifully—the *rouge* ran one way, the *blanc* another, and formed small rivulets of red and white down her neck. The Graces were abolished, and Venus was destroyed; and the unfortunate Kitty, from somewhat more than an angel, as she imagined herself at starting, was, by this holy deluge, washed down to a common woman.

Related by Mrs. Robinson.

A young performer on the French stage, who had all the grand requisites of the mind to the performing a masterly player; who had sensibility, fire, and an excellent understanding; but, with all these, a figure very ill made for the representing a hero, would attempt the character of Mithridates; he played it in such a manner, that his auditors would have been charmed with him, if they had been blind; but, unluckily, in spite of all his merit, the disagreeableness of his person prejudiced the whole house against him. In one of the scenes,

scenes, where a Princess who is with him, perceiving some uncommon emotion in his face, tells him, *You change countenance*, a pleasant fellow cried out, *O! let him, let him by all means.*—In a moment all the merit of the actor was lost and buried, and the audience thought of nothing, during the remainder of the performance, but of the disproportion between his person and the character he represented.

Related by George S——n.

Mr. Foote and Mr. Garrick were once at variance about their respective abilities, and, what was surprising, Garrick allowed Foote to be the better player, but he thought himself the better author and poet. With regard to comedy, the literati always gave Mr. Foote the preference, he never attempting tragedy. Mr. Garrick was perhaps, the best tragic performer that the stage ever produced; but as to a wit, a poet, and an author, nobody could ever make a comparison. The dispute, however, between these two geniusses rose so high, and Garrick was so piqued, that he sent for 500*l.* which he had lent Foote on security,

and demanded instant payment. It was fortunately then in Foote's power to pay it, and he returned the 500*l.* by his treasurer, with interest; but to be even with David, Sam instantly wrote the following lines, which he sent tucked in with the bank notes.

In ev'ry house where Garrick sleeps,
He leaves a doggel rhyme;
The snail thus o'er the mansion creeps,
And leaves his fordid slime.

On account of this Aristophanic, Garrick and Foote were two years at variance.

Related by Mrs. Robinson.

The Corporation of Bath having placed a full-length picture of Beau Nash in the Pump-room, between the busts of Newton and Pope, my Lord Chesterfield wrote the following epigram on the occasion.

Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find:
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
Severer on mankind.

The

The picture, plac'd the busts between,

Adds to the satire strength,

Wisdom and wit are little seen:

But folly at full length.

Related by C. F.

One of those infamous field Preachers, belonging to the Countess of Huntingdon's troop, was preaching to a numerous congregation some time ago in Bath, when he broke out in the following absurd and impious manner: "My dear Brethren! St. Luke was a great Painter! a wonderful Painter! but if he had known what he was about, he would have descended to earth a long time ago, to paint the Countess of Huntingdon's picture, and have returned with rapture to place it in God Almighty's dining-room."

Related by the pious D— of Q.

Mrs. Gardner, (sister to Lady Townshend) being at a masquerade in Dublin a few years ago, she stepped up to a lady, and with that important air peculiar to herself, addressed her with, *Do you know me?* Perfectly well, (replied the Lady very smartly) *Ignorance and*

impudence are known every where. There was so much truth in this, and the lady felt herself so fore at heart, that she enquired of every one in the room who the lady in the blue domino was, but all in vain; the reply was publicly whispered, and the lady retired with the burning blushes of indignation on her cheeks!

Related by Capt. J——n.

Mr. Scott, the late Attorney-General of Ireland, meeting a friend at the present Lord Chancellor of Ireland's, they were lamenting the death of an honest Attorney of their acquaintance; Mr. Scott's friend observed, "he was heartily sorry to hear that he died without *effects*:"—"Ah, Jack! (replied the wit) that might have been naturally expected, for it is well known that he lived many of his latter years without *causes*."

Related by C. F.

Queen Elizabeth dined one day in the city on a leg of mutton and turneps. The house at which this grand feast was held, was the present King's Head, in Fenchurch-street; and
a fet

a set of gentlemen dine annually at the said inn, in honour of Queen Elizabeth, and their dinner is always a leg of mutton and turneps. These gentlemen every year pitch upon some old woman whose face resembles Queen Bess, and her they seat at the head of the table, in a chair of state, dressed with the robes and diadem Queen Elizabeth wore. The reverend lady makes the first cut in the mutton, and he who has the good fortune to receive the first slice from her royal hands, is called the Earl of Essex till their next meeting.

Related by Mrs. Robinson.

Dr. Cleghorn of Dublin, a celebrated Lecturer in Anatomy, observing that the wisdom of Providence had guarded the *ductus thoracicus* in so peculiar a manner, that the least touch of it would be immediate death; a young student, of a hyppish disposition, was so much struck with what the Doctor said, that from that time he used to keep every one from him with his hand, begging them not to come too near; lest they should touch his *ductus thoracicus*.—The Countess of A——m, who had heard Lord C——e repeat the

above story, with which she was mightily pleased, meeting his Lordship next day, put out her hand, and bid him stand off; "for, (says she) if you do but touch my *what-d'ye-call it*, I shall expire."

Related by the Countess of B——e.

A farmer's son on my father's estate at Windsor, was sent with a present to Dr. —, a very niggardly Clergyman. The boy not behaving so politely as was expected, the Parson said, "Give me the basket, get you within the door, and see how I'll behave." The Parson pulled off his hat, made his best bow, and delivered the present. The boy instantly replied, *Very well, young man, my compliments to your father,—here's a half crown for you—go into the kitchen, and eat and drink what you like; and on New-Year's-day, be sure to call on me, and I'll give you a ten pound bank note to convince you how generous I am.*

The late Mr. Charles Yorke being returned a member by the University of Cambridge at the last general election, as he was going round the senate to thank those who had voted
for

for him, said to one of them, noted for having the *largest and most hideous ugly face* that ever was seen, "Sir, I have great reason to be thankful to my friends in general, but confess myself under a particular obligation to you for the very *remarkable countenance* you have *shewn* me on this occasion.

Related by Mrs. Robinson.

The present Duke of Rutland, when Lord Roos, and a child of five years old, was attacked with a disorder for which the Physician prescribed bleeding. The Surgeon, Mr. A. desired his Lordship to let him apply a bandage to his arm, in order to let him blood. His Lordship said he would not be blooded; and this he repeated several times.—Mr. H. said, How, my Lord, are you the son of the brave Marquis of Granby, and refuse to lose a few ounces of *blood*?"—His Lordship was affected with the reproach, and holding out his arm, said, *Bleed me immediately*.

Related by the Duchess of R.

When Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, found *Curl the Bookseller's Love in a Nunnery*,
and

and the *Nun in her Smock*, went through several editions, he was very much alarmed for his flock: but what frightened the Bishop most, was a splendid edition of Rochester's Poems, published by Curl. The Bishop summoned the Bookseller to his Palace at Fulham, and reprehended him very severely for his licentious conduct. The Bookseller, with great humility, pleaded guilty, but humbly submitted to his Lordship whether an edition of the Poems of Rochester might not be an innocent and acceptable present to the public. His Lordship assented. "Well then, my Lord, (said Curl) I will leave the book with your Lordship, and you will be pleased to mark such of the Poems as may safely bear the light."—"With all my heart, Mr. Curl."—One of his Lordship's Chaplains happened to wait on him just as Curl left the room, to whom the Bishop related what had passed.—The Chaplain saw the affair in a different light from his Lordship, and told him that the Bookseller would publish *Rochester's Poems*, with the *Bishop of London's approbation*. This startled the Prelate: he sent the book back to Curl,

Curl, and desired to have no further knowledge of him and his publications.

Related by Lord T.

Perillo, a Goldsmith, by way of paying court to Phalaris the tyrant of Agrigentum, made him a present of a brazen bull, of admirable workmanship; hollow within, and so contrived that the voice of a person shut up in it, sounded exactly like the bellowing of a real bull. The Artist pointed out to the tyrant what an admirable effect this must produce, were he only to shut up a few criminals in it, and make a fire under them. Phalaris, struck with so horrid an idea, and perhaps curious to try the experiment, told the Goldsmith that he himself was the only person worthy of animating his bull: that he must have studied the note that made it roar to the greatest advantage, and that it would be unjust to deprive him of any part of the honour of his invention.—Upon which he ordered the Goldsmith to be shut up, and made a great fire around the bull; which immediately began to roar, to the admiration and delight of all Agrigentum. Cicero says this bull was
carried

carried to Carthage at the taking of Agrigentum; and was restored again by Scipio, after the destruction of that city.

Related by my Father.

A certain Major in the foot service, remarkably fond of sporting, and who has great interest at court, got his regiment ordered from their encampment in Kent into winter quarters in Cornwall. Hearing, however, when the regiment got to Exeter in its way, that there was better shooting, as well as hunting, in Hampshire, he immediately posts to the War-Office, and gets the order countermanded. They are accordingly faced to the right-about, and marched back again to the New Forest; where they arrive, the soldiers without shoes, and the officers without any inclination for hunting. Thus had they the pleasure of seeing the world, and of marching two hundred miles and back again, to the great advantage of the publicans, and the farmers pigs and fowls on the road—because their Major was a *sportsman*.

• Related by General C.

When

When Lord N——h was informed of Lady C——'s elopement with her servant, the witty Lord protested it gave him great pleasure to hear that her Ladyship had turned her hand to domestic affairs!

From the Morning Herald.

A hum-drum Clergyman, named *Furnace*, after being a plague to his congregation for many years, lost his living, and was succeeded in office by a Dr. *Smith*, who drew crowded congregations. A friend of mine was observing how astonishing it was that Dr. *Smith* could so soon make such a universal and favourable impression; I don't see any thing at all remarkable in it, (replied I) any *Smith*, you know, is bareable, but a *Furnace* is intolerable.

Mossop, the player, was perhaps the vainest and most overbearing man, while prosperity smiled on him, in the world. A noted cobbler in Dublin, named *Trevier*, mended a pair of boots for the tragic hero, at the time his good fortune was in the wane, and hearing he was over head and ears in debt, he would not leave

leave the boots without payment. When the servant told Mossop the story, *Trevier* was ordered up stairs, and on his appearance, Mossop addressed him with, *So, Friend, who are you?* Your boot-mender, Sir—*O! you are the noted cobbler I have heard of*—Yes, says *Trevier*; and you are the *diverting vagabond* I have often seen. This got wind instantly, and to this hour the players in Ireland are often called *diverting vagabonds*.

Related by Mr. Sheridan.

When the present King of Prussia had some years since a personal meeting with the Emperor of Germany, they always dined together, with a select number of their respective General Officers. General *Laudohn* being one day about to place himself at the bottom of the table, the King, who was at the head, perceiving him, called out hastily, "Come hither, *Monseigneur Loudohn*; seat yourself by me. I had much rather have you on my side than opposite."

Related by Mr. Sherlock.

Lady

Lady P. who has a wonderful facility at ready wit, paid a visit to Westminster Abbey some time ago, in company with two other ladies; they were gazing about for some time, highly pleased, when one of the ladies turned her attention to Handel's monument, on which is a scroll, where part of a piece of music and the following words appear, *I know that my Redeemer liveth*. The lady was so smitten with the aptitude of the thought, that she called Lady P. who was gazing with transport on the monument of Shakespeare, and asked her her opinion—"It is very fine indeed, (said her Ladyship) but I think Handel would look much better with his *water-piece*."

Related by Mrs. Robinson.

The morning after Mr. Wilkes was chosen Alderman, a gentleman in the Somerset coffee-house, who had read his address of thanks to the Livery, remarked, that it was the dullest production he had ever seen from the new Magistrate's pen: to which, Dr. Goldsmith, who sat in the same box, not unaptly replied, Do you wonder at that,

Sir?

Sir? Consider, he was made an *Alderman* yesterday.

Related by Dr. Glover.

Garrick's vanity knew no bounds; being one time indisposed for a few days, he asked his servant what enquiries after his health; some complimentary cards were presented; he looked over them, and finding they were only from some Esquires, and a Baronet or two, he cried, What! has no *Lord* sent, John!—No, Sir; then throw these paltry compliments into the fire: the *nobility* must all be *sick* too, or they could not have neglected *me*.

Related by Capt. T——n.

The present Emperor of Germany is justly called the Titus of Germany; that worthy Roman lamented having lost a day, and it is asserted on unquestionable authority, that Joseph the Second allows no day to pass at Vienna, which is not distinguished by some act of bounty or humanity. An old Austrian Officer, who had but a small pension that was not sufficient for the demands of his family, came

to wait on the Emperor, explained his indigent condition, and entreated his compassion, adding, that he had ten children alive. The Emperor, desirous to know the certainty of this affair, went to the Officer's house in disguise, and instead of ten found eleven children.—“Why eleven?”—It is a poor orphan, replied the old Soldier, that I took into my house from motives of charity. The Prince immediately ordered an hundred florins to be given to each of his children.

Related by my Mother.

When the Honourable Miss ——— was married to the Earl of S——e, it was much talked of in a brilliant company where I happened to visit: Lady P——y observed, what a disparity of years there was between the bridegroom and bride, insomuch, she affirmed, the lady must be very sick for want of a husband—Well, Madam, (replied I) if she was sick for a husband, she will no doubt be restored now to a pristine state of health by taking that balsamic remedy the *Jesuits Drops*.

Lady

Lady P**** being at Clerkenwell-green, the day the D*** of N***** laid the first stone of the new building, observed to a lady in the carriage with her, that he was doing what his eldest son was incapable of—*raising an erection.*

Related by C. T.

When the celebrated Mrs. M***** was pressed by a particular friend for her reason for marrying so young a man as Mr. G****, she replied, in a line from Gray's *Bard*, Because, Madam, (said the wit) I am fond of *Youth at the Prow, and Pleasure at the Helm.*

Related by Mrs. R.

The Abbé Bastiani being one day at dinner with the present King of Prussia, his Majesty said to him jocosely, "When you shall have obtained the Tiara, which your exemplary piety must one day procure you, in what manner will you receive me, on my arrival at Rome, to pay my duty to your Holiness?" — "I will immediately give directions, (replied the Abbé, with great readiness) for the introduction of the *black eagle*—that he may

cover me with his *wings*, but—spare me with his *beak*.”

Related by Mr. Sherlock.

An old gentleman bought Lord Chesterfield's *Art of Pleasing*, elegantly bound, the day before he was married to a beautiful young lady, his ward; and having shewn it to a gentleman where he dined, it was handed round the circle for their different opinions on the merits of the work, and the elegance of the binding. Lady B. T. who was in company, being asked her opinion, she replied, addressing herself to the old gentleman, “If you mean, my good Sir, to entertain your intended wife with the *Art of Pleasing*, take my word she would relish it much better in *sheets* than in *calf's skin*.”

Related by Mrs. R.

A noted Surgeon being in a large company, where the leading subject turned on the different degrees of women; the majority of the men gave the preference to a full-sized woman, while the Doctor insisted, all women that were not small and delicate, were insufferable.

sufferable. Lady P——, who was present, observed, “ Your attachment, Sir, to those apologies for women, can only arise from your great affection for *skeletons*, of which we all know you are a distinguished and professed admirer.”

Related by Colonel T.

When Lord Townshend was Viceroy of Ireland, he walked very much through the city of Dublin, in a plain habit. Passing through the liberty one morning, he met a very poor man, bent with age, and asked him how he did? “ Alas! Sir, (said the old man, shaking his head) I am like a *washball*, always in *decay*.” His Lordship was so pleased with the reply, that he gave him a guinea.

Related by the Earl of B.

In the present Emperor of Germany's journey to France, he stopped at a village situated near a forest; while dinner was getting ready, he walked out with a single gentleman to see the neighbourhood of the place, which was said to be curious; travelling too far into the wood they lost their way, and were wandering

ering in search of it, when they perceived a long avenue which led to a castle; they determine to follow it, and being arrived at the house, asked for the landlord; the servants told them he was from home, but shewed them into the hall that they might rest themselves, while they acquainted the landlady. After common compliments, she made dinner be served up, and begged they would permit her to leave them a little in order to see the Emperor; they answered, that his Imperial Majesty would not pass so soon; that they were sure of it, as they belonged to his suite. "You give me your word for it, Gentlemen, otherwise I should go and join my husband." During the time of dinner they spoke on different subjects, and a great deal of the Emperor; the lady extolled his talents and virtues, the eminent qualities of his heart and understanding; in a word, said she, he is an accomplished model of a perfect Prince, and I die of curiosity to see him: You have assured me, Gentlemen, he will not pass for two hours; they answered again, that they were sure of it.—At length it was necessary for

F

them

them to be gone; and to unravel the plot, the Emperor took up the discourse, and said, "Madam, you are very desirous to see the Emperor." "O yes, Sir, he is so good a Prince;" "I can in some measure satisfy your curiosity; here is a golden snuff-box with his picture." The lady accepts it, and sees the portrait of the illustrious stranger whom she has within her house; tears of joy and satisfaction run down her cheeks; a mute panegyric; but on that account the more flattering to the susceptible heart of the Emperor.

Related by my Mother.

T A L E S,
E P I G R A M S,
S O N G S,
JEU d'ESPRITS, &c.

COMMUNICATED TO THE EDITOR,

BY THE MOST DISTINGUISHED

WITS IN ENGLAND;

WHICH HE HOPES WILL BE CONSIDERED

HIGHLY ESTIMABLE

WITH THE

V O T A R I E S

O F

VENUS, MOMUS, AND BACCHUS.

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T H E
GOVERNOR OF T***BURY'S TALE;
OR, THE
UNREASONABLE COMPLAINT.

A BRUTE, a Peasant, dwelt near Nantz,
For they're synonymous in France,
Who every day of his vile life,
When he had nothing else to do,
Thrash'd, or apply'd his wooden shoe
To the posteriors of his wife.
But, as all good and evil's equal,
All was balanc'd in the sequel;
Every night he had that pride,
His debit, on the whole amount
Of the posterior account,
Was balanc'd by the other side.
Like debts of honour lost at play,
Before he slept, he was sure to pay.
And every morn before he rose,
He left her, over and above,
A token of his constant love,
Steady and constant as his blows.
One morning at his Spouse's levee,
The blows and curses fell so heavy,
Before the Lady of the place,
Poor JAQUETTE ran with her complaint,
With all the red and purple paint
Bestow'd upon her nose and face.

The Lady pity'd her just grief,
And took a course for her relief;

PIERRE was summon'd to appear,
And must have rotted in a jail,
Had he not found sufficient bail,

For his behaviour for a year.
The dread of fines, a jail, and whipping,
Like other folks, kept him from tripping.

About a month after this pass'd,
For JAQUETTE the good Lady sent,
And ask'd her if she was content,

And PIERRE peaceable at last.
Truly, says she, I must confess,
That mine's a singular distress;

For tho' he beat me black and blue,
At night he always made it up,
In bed, over a chearful cup,

Where I was as content as you.
But now, he says, he's off his mettle,
Because we've no accounts to settle.

Let him indulge his appetite,
This very day let him begin
A fresh account, upon my skin,
And settle it this very night.
After such plenty of good fare,
To be reduc'd, is hard to bear.

What then, my lady, must I feel,
Depriv'd entirely of my meat,
Without a morsel left to eat,

Except what I can beg or steal?
The Lady cry'd, You'd make one think,
That you did nought but eat and drink.

Did you live always at this pass,
 Or now and then, and then it ceas'd,
 Like Shrovetide, or a Village Feast,
 Or like a Bishop's saying Mass?
 A tear stood trembling in her eye,
 Whilst JAQUETTE made her this reply:
 He was as sure as the church chimes!
 And I can say, what few can say,
 He allow'd me three warm meals a day,
 And afternoons too sometimes.
 'Twas not from indigestion,
 That never was the question;
 If now and then my fare was worse;
 It was, because, the day before,
 He happen'd to allow me more
 Than was convenient for his purse.
 The Lady cry'd, Submit in quiet;
 My Spouse all day shall thrash his fill,
 I'll never say that I'm us'd ill,
 If he'll allow me such a diet.

THE GIFT: TO IRIS, IN BOW-STREET.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

✓ SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
 Dear mercenary beauty,
 What annual offering shall I make
 Expressive of my duty?
 My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
 Should I at once deliver,
 Say, would the angry fair-one prize
 The gift, who flights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
 My rivals give——and let 'em :
 If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
 I'll give them——when I get 'em.

I'll give——but not the full blown rose,
 Or rose-bud more in fashion ;
 Such short-liv'd offerings but disclose
 A transitory passion :

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
 Not less sincere than civil :
 I'll give thee——Ah! too charming maid,
 I'll give thee——to the Devil.

F A B L E.

A TEAM of oxen, fat and fair,
 Resign'd to ev'ry Bumpkin's goad ;
 With little feeling and less care,
 Were marching with a heavy load.
 During the march, the wheels alone
 Cry'd out, and made a grievous moan.
 Pleas'd with the hint, Cæsar turn'd round,
 My Lord, said he, this is good ground ;
 Faction makes all that noise and rumbling :
 The people, that bear all the weight,
 That drag the waggon of the state,
 March, like the oxen, without grumbling.
 Faction applies not to the wheels,
 That go so heavily and lag on,
 Replied the Keeper of the Seals ;
 Faction does not retard the waggon :

The

The reason they go on so ill,
 Is want of greafe, not want of will.
 The K——'s Friends must be duly paid,
 The wheels of government want greasing;
 Business of course must be delay'd,
 And cause the noise that's so displeasing

THE KISS OF PHILLIS.

PHILLIS the gay, in robe of beauty drest,
 Late on my lips a humid *Kiss* imprest;
 The *Kiss* was nectar which the fair bestow'd,
 For in her am'rous breath a gale of nectar flow'd.
 What love, ye Gods! what raptures in her *Kiss*!
 My soul was drunk with ecstasy of bliss.

THE POET'S TALE;

OR, THE

CAUTIOUS BRIDE.

BRIDES, in all countries, have been reckon'd,
 For the first night, timid and coolish;
 If they continue so the second,
 They always have been reckon'd foolish.
 The reason's obvious and plain——
 In many nice and ticklish cases,
 There's much to lose, and nought to gain,
 By affectation and grimaces.

A bridegroom, on the second night,
 Whipt off the bed-clothes in surprise,
 Behold, my dear, said he, a sight,
 Enough to make your choler rise.
 She turn'd away, as red as scarlet,
 Whilst he continued, Pray behold ;
 Lay hands on that outrageous varlet,
 That looks so impudent and bold.
 This is the fifteenth time in vain,
 He has been sent to jail and fetter'd ;
 But there's no prison can contain
 A prison-breaker like JACK SHEPHERD.
 The bride turn'd round and took her place,
 After some studying and thinking——
 Said she, recovering her face,
 Tho' modesty still kept her winking :
 In vain the vagabond's committed,
 And to hard work and labour sent,
 If you, his keeper, are outwitted,
 By his pretending to repent.
 You treat him ruggedly and hard,
 Whilst any insolence appears ;
 But you're disarm'd, and off your guard,
 The moment that he falls in tears.
 Now you must know, that I suspect
 A fellow-feeling, in some shape ;
 Or else you would not, through neglect,
 Let him continually escape.
 - I'll lend no hand, unless you'll swear,
 That you'll deliver him to me,
 And suffer me to keep him there,
 Till I consent to set him free.

THE PROSPECT OF VENUS.

BY J. CUNNINGHAM.

(NOT PUBLISHED WITH HIS WORKS.)

SYLVIA, on her arm reclining,
In a shady grove's retreat,
Lay in loose attire, designing, fa, la, la, &c.
To avoid the sultry heat.

Tho' unveil'd there, no bye-stander
Could perceive the lovely fair;
Cooling zephyrs came and fann'd her, fa, la, la, &c.
Beauteous face with fragrant air.

There the blooming nymph lay panting,
Sighing for her absent swain;
There extended she lay wanting, fa la, la, &c.
Him to ease her love-sick pain.

Soon the happy youth, who won her,
To the kind retreat drew near;
And in transport gaz'd upon her, fa, la, la, &c.
Charms repos'd in slumber there.

Love persuaded 'twas no sin to
Vent his flame without debate;
So he boldly enter'd into, fa, la, la, &c.
Tales of love with Sylvia strait.

PERDITA'S FEAST:

OR, THE
POWERS OF LOVE AND MUSIC.
AN ODE.

(In Consolation of a fallen Statesman.)

I.

'T WAS at a midnight route in B--k--y-square,
(The *rooks* and *frail ones* all were there)

Sopha'd in downy state,
The great *Volpone* he sate,
Pensive and severe.

Perdita by his side,
Bloom'd like a *King's-Place* bride,

In all the flower of *Mareschal* and *Rouge's* pride.

Happy—happy—happy pair!

None but *Volpone*,

None but *Volpone*,

None but *Volpone* deserves so *kind* a fair.

II.

This day his hopes were cross'd,
(So pre-ordain'd his fate)

Fallen! fallen! fallen! fallen!

From his *too high* estate,

Hence here he did repair,

To drown in love and wine his every anxious care.

Perdita saw those lowers

Peep thro' his *beetle* brows,

Then rais'd her vocal powers,

And play'd the wanton spouse,

Striving by leering looks, and melody's soft charms,

To win him from *ill thoughts*, and fold him in her arms.

III.

III.

In praise of *oratory* first she sung,
 The wond'rous force of a *glib* tongue,
 How by its sounding mettle
 All things it would unsettle,
 Change *black* to *white*; and in a crack
 Turn what before was *white* to *black*,
 In short it could create
 A *profligate*—a *minister of state*.
 Fir'd by the kindred sound
Volpone sprung to the ground,
 His eyes all in a stare,
 His hand high rais'd in air;
 Then with a voice that crack'd the dome
 (His mouth all in a foam),
 He acted o'er and o'er,
 What erst he did upon St. Stephen's floor.

IV.

To *gaming* next the sweet musician turn'd,
 And in its praises all the assembly burn'd;
 Lo! the *groom porter* is nigh,
 Now he waves his hand on high;
 See the *bank notes* how they juggle,
 What a charming anxious bustle!
 Now a frown—and now a smile—
 Not a *guinea*—now a *pile*.
 Trim the candles—shake the box,
 “Open doors whoever knocks;”
 Here's no distinction at the gambling board,
 All—all are welcome—*blacklegs*, or *my lord*.

Sooth'd

Sooth'd with the found *Volpone* grew vain,
 Play'd *hazard* o'er and o'er again,
 And thrice he *scram'd* aloud—"seven's the main!"

V.

The *Siren* saw, the madness rife,
 His eager soul—his scowling eyes;
 And whilst he heaven and earth defy'd,
 Chang'd her tones, and check'd his pride,
 She chose a mournful muse
 Soft pity to infuse,
 The heir of some estate,
 Born to be good and great,
 By hungry sharpers torn,
 Left helpless and forlorn,
 A pistol by his side,

The last resource of wretchedness and pride.
 With *self-inverted* looks *Volpone* he sate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul,
The various turns of chance below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.——

VI.

The cunning gipsy smil'd to see
 That love was in the next degree,
 And while he felt this tale of woe
 (Sadly sighing out E O!)
 She turn'd her voice to Lydian measures,
 To prepare his soul for pleasures.
Fame, she says, was toil and trouble,
Character an empty bubble,
 Neither worth the time in seeking,
 Nor th' anxiety in keeping.

Love and *gaming* should employ
 Those who look for real joy,
 Take the *goods* which I'll provide ye,
Perdita she sits beside ye;
Perdita, who bore the belle
 In the eyes of *Florizel*.
 Let us then to-night be blest,
 To-morrow *Brooks* shall give the rest;
Volpone recover'd by this artful strain,
 Leer'd on the fair,
 Who sooth'd his care,
 And *smil'd* and *leer'd*, *smil'd* and *leer'd*,
Leer'd and *smil'd*, and *leer'd* again.
 At length with *love* and *wine* at once oppress,
 The *vanquisht* *statesman* sunk upon her breast.

ON MRS. PILKINGTON,

WHEN SHE FIRST PUBLISHED HER LIFE.

THY bib and doll scarce thrown aside,
 When warm and panting for a spouse;
 To fifty thou hast been a bride,
 Without a ring to bind thy vows.
 To merit heav'n, a thousand ways,
 At her last gasp, she now begins;
 Now weeps, now swears, now spits, now prays,
 Confesses first, then *prints* her sins!
 But ah! how poor the gains, and light,
 Which from the stingy press you meet;
 'Twas once a guinea for a *night*,
 'Tis now scarce six-pence for a *sheet*.

LINES

LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. ROBINSON.

BY A GENTLEMAN NOW ON HIS TRAVELS.

THE seaman from winds, and the fury of seas,
 Each harbour will bless where he anchors at ease,
 Yet with fonder regard will he eye the wish'd strand,
 Where his vessel is destin'd, and cargo must land.—
 —So I, dear MARIA! on life's ocean tost,
 When I cannot keep sea, veer about for the coast.
 And praise ev'ry harbour where shelter is found,
 But you are the port where my wishes are bound.—
 Those wishes accept,—and abhorr'd may I be,
 If I ever fram'd wish that meant evil to thee!

While restless from nation to nation I roam,
 My heart, still *untravell'd*, seeks thee as its home.
 O yield it abode! and believe it, my fair,
 Of this breast art thou *Tenant*,—none else harbour there;
 There sweet *Star* of beauty! thy dear image dwells,
 Wings hard the fond pulse, and the sigh ever swells,
 Gives a tide to the current that bathes the warm heart,
 And grown to the soul, is become e'en a part!
 O yield it abode!—bow ye *Monks* and be blest,
 The *Heaven* I crave, is a place in her breast.
 And say, breathes a Monk, wou'd in secret reprove
 The devotion that's paid at the altar of Love?

Beshrew the cold Being, whom rigid and fell,
 Nature forms a *Recluse*, and devotes to a cell;
 Let him melt o'er his reliques, at beauty congeal,
 And Saints praise his apathy, Idiots his zeal;
 With *Love* in my heart, and with *thee* in my eye,
 What *zeal* can *Divinity* equal, supply!

Translation.

Translation of an EPIGRAM on the KING of PRUSSIA.

Written by VOLTAIRE.

KING, author, philosopher, warrior, musician,
Free-mason, œconomist, bard, politician;
✓ How had Europe rejoic'd if a CHRISTIAN he'd been;
If a MAN, how would he have enraptur'd his *Queen*!

*On being turned out of a Public House, after having
spent all his Money: Written with Chalk on the
Window Board.*

By the late JAMES DUFFIELD, Esq.

HAS God alone perfection, do you say,
When so many perfect things we see each day?
The poor have some perfections—some the rich;
Here's Mother Dashwood—she's a *perfect* bitch.

ON SALLY LOVEMORE,

*A distinguished SINGER, who was singing Ballads for
Money to bury her Husband.*

FOR her husband deceas'd Sally chaunts the sweet
lay;

Why, faith, this is singular sorrow!

But, I doubt, since she *sings* for a *dead* man to day,

She'll cry for a *live* one to-morrow.

By

By TIMOTHY TADPOLE, *on* JACK SPRIGGINS, *who*
was in love with a very lean Lady.

AT each girl tight and fresh,
 I've the lust of the flesh,
 This crime thy friend *Timothy* owns;
 But, *Jack*, is not thine
 More atrocious than mine,
 Since thou hast the *lust of the bones*?

JOHN AND SALLY.

WITHIN a bracelet's circle John appears,
 Which on her arm her lovely spousy wears;
 John, in return, his Sally's portrait shews
 Dependant from his watch where'er he goes;
 With equal truth their passion they impart,
 Both arm and fob are *distant* from the heart.

CUPID STRAY'D.

YES, beauteous queen—thy son, they say,
 Thy wanton son is gone astray—
 Nay Venus more—'tis said from thee
 A kiss the sweet reward shall be
 To any swain, who truly tells
 Where 'tis thy little wand'rer dwells:
 Then grieve no more, nor drop a tear,
 For know the little urchin's here;

He,

He, from the search of vulgar eyes,
Conceal'd within my bosom lies.
Now, goddess, as I've told thee this,
Give me, oh! give the promis'd kiss!

DARBY AND JOAN;
OR, THE HAPPY PAIR.

"I'VE long been thinking, (and thank my stars)
"Of late our cot has known no midnight jars!"
Tis true, replies the dame, with saucy leer,
All has been quiet long—and many a year.

*On the Report of a certain celebrated Actress being
about to retire to the OAKS with Lord D.*

JEU d'ESPRIT.

WHY, charming Miss F——n, such haste to be
gone?

Why fly from the town in a hurry?
'Tis too soon at your years to play *D—by* and *Joan*,
And retire to the county of Surry.

'Tis not love, but ambition, if rightly I ween:
You expect to be countess—*peut etre*;
Or at least to exhibit on that charming scene
A new MAID, and a new *Fete Champetre*!

Ah! think now and then on your poor Ch—y F—x,
When of love you are taking your fill-o;
For whilst you are revelling under the *Oaks*,
Your Ch——y weeps under the willow!

IMPROMPTU,

IMPROMPTU, on Mrs. ROBINSON's *being present at the performance of the MERCHANT OF VENICE, at COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.*

WHILST Macklin, Shakespeare's SHYLOCK,
holds to view ;

See—beauteous ROBINSON—out-a&t the Jew !
One pound of flesh, his malice could assuage,
Her Christian charms, severer bonds engage.
When love-inspiring eyes, their darts dispense,
Who meets the glance, must expiate th' offence ;
In vain, applause, would pay the debt in part ;
She claims the sacrifice of—EV'RY HEART !

THE NIGHTINGALE.

A FABLE.

A NIGHTINGALE, in her retreat,
Exerted all her native powers ;
Compos'd and sung plaintively sweet,
To charm the silent hours.

A hungry hawk in ambush lay,
And seiz'd the hapless songster for his prey.
The warbling victim try'd, in vain,
To melt a cruel tyrant's heart ;
Proof against ev'ry moving strain
Of nature, or of art.

Charmer, said he, I wait too long,
Hawks require food more solid than a song,

Then

Then with a villain's smile he struck
 The loveliest tenant of the wood;
 In her poor heart his beak he stuck,
 Rioting in her vital blood.
 Listen, ye fair ones, to my lay;
 Your ways with trembling caution mark!
 For many virgins fall a prey
 To some base murderer in the dark!
 Your youth, your tears, your spotless fame,
 Add to the brutal fire fresh fuel;
 Deaf to compassion, dead to shame,
 Selfishness is always cruel.
 Ye candid souls, whose pulses beat
 With no distemper'd selfish heat;
 View here again a wretch oppress'd,
 And heaven and earth in vain implor'd;
 Robb'd of his property and rest,
 Devour'd by a rapacious lord.—
 When avarice and power unblushing meet,
 Woe to the humble neighbour of the great.

AMYNTAS AND CHLORIS.

BY NAT. LEE.

O H, the time that is past!
 When she held me so fast!
 And declar'd that her honour no longer could last!
 No light, but her languishing eyes, did appear,
 To prevent all excuses of blushing and fear.

How

How she sigh'd and unlac'd!
 With trembling and haste!
 As if she had long'd to be closer embrac'd!
 My lips the sweet pleasure of kisses enjoy'd,
 While my hands were in search of hid treasure employ'd.

With my heart all on fire,
 In the flames of desire,
 When I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require:
 She cry'd, Oh! for pity's sake, change your ill mind!
 Pray, Amyntas, be civil, or I'll be unkind!

All your blifs you destroy,
 Like a naked young boy,
 Who fears the kind river he came to enjoy:
 Let's in, my dear Chloris, I'll save thee from harm,
 And make the cold element pleasant and warm.

Dear Amyntas! she cries;
 Then she cast down her eyes,
 And with kisses confess'd what she faintly denies;
 For, sure of my conquest, I purpos'd to stay
 Till her freer consent did more sweeten the prey.

But too late I begun,
 For her passion was done;
 Now, Amyntas, she cry'd, I will never be won:
 Thy tears and thy courtship no pity can move,
 Thou hast slighted the critical minute of love.

T H E
S U B L I M E B U M P E R S O N G .

Written by GEORGE O'Keefe, Esq. *of the Kingdom of*
IRELAND.

[The following beautiful Song was sung by ~~Colonel~~ St. Leger some Time ago in my Company: For Harmony of Numbers, and Delicacy of Expression, it surpasses all the Songs of the Kind I have ever met with. It runs to a very lively French Air, in the *Desferter*, that every body is now acquainted with; and I must do my military Companion the Justice to say he sung it with exquisite Humour, Taste, and Harmony. My inquiry has been very general, and I find this delicious *Morceau* has never been in Print, and is not as well known in this Kingdom as it should be. I need not say the Lovers of Venus and Bacchus will thank me for this *matchless Treat*; I am certain of receiving unbounded Applause for a Present of such extraordinary Excellence. I have added a Verse to it myself, which has been much admired, and have printed it in Italics, to distinguish it from the rest.]

AIR,—*I can't for my life guess the cause of this fuss.*

I CAN'T for my life guess the cause of this fuss,
Why we drink the health of each high-titled
beldame;

What's a queen, or a princess, or dutches to us,

We never have spoke to, and see them but seldom!

Fill a bumper my host, I'll give you a toast,

We all have convers'd with, and ev'ry one knows;

Fill it up to the top, and drink ev'ry drop,

Here's **** in a bumper wherever she goes!

Your

Your high-sounding titles that kings can create,
Derive all their lustre and weight from the donor;

But **** can despise all this mock'ry of state,

For she's in herself the true fountain of honour:

She fixes for life the rank of a wife,

In her does the husband his honour repose;

Her titles are bright, all in her own right,

Here's **** in a bumper wherever she goes!

In rags or brocade she is equally great,

Her fountain gives rapture to all that bathe in it!

On a rush-bottom chair, or a down-bed of state,

To bliss we're transported in less than a minute!

She banishes care, is a foe to despair,

She's the loveliest Lethe to soften our woes:

Nothing nature can boast can rival the toast

*Of **** in a bumper wherever she goes.*

Your wiseacre critics are puzzling their brains,

How crowns and how coronets first came in fashion;

But one peep at her's would have sav'd them the pains,

For **** wore a coronet since the creation:

A title so old, ne'er barter'd for gold,

The whole British peerage would vainly oppose;

Then let mother Eve due homage receive,

Here's **** in a bumper wherever she goes!

That peers on the trials of peers are to fit,

Is their greatest distinction, beyond all denial;

But **** tho' untitled by patent or writ,

Can bring *suo jure* e'en kings to a trial:

Condemn'd to wear horns, poor G—ve—r scorns

The judgment he passes on impotent beaux;

So justly severe may she ever appear;

Here's **** in a bumper wherever she goes!

That

That nobles are born the advisers of kings,
Is a maxim establish'd in ev'ry free nation;
Then sure a just claim to that title *she* brings,
Whose rhet'ric effected the great Reformation!
Tho' Charles lent his ears to perriwig peers,
Yet ***** was the counsellor under the rose;
She whisper'd her mind—the Commons grew kind—
Here's ***** in a bumper wherever she goes!

That nobles are sentenc'd to die by the axe,
For breach of allegiance—we all must have read it—
Thus *****, when the bonds of decorum she cracks,
Like a queen or a peerefs, is always beheaded:
The king without fees will execute these,
While none but the hangman will meddle with those;
Then since from the throne such deference is shewn,
Here's ***** in a bumper wherever she goes!

Your stars, and your garters, and ribbons profuse,
And wide coat of arms, that a beggar may quarter;
How faint is their splendour, how trifling their use,
Compar'd with that star that shines over the garter!
That star in the front is the emblem of *****,
In a lovely field argent, crown sable, she glows,
And two rampant ***** as supporters we fix,
Here's ***** in a bumper wherever she goes!

THE UNLUCKY DISCOVERY.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

AS landlady Dobbins, a Whitfieldite pure,
At meeting one Sunday delay'd,
Coming home, unexpected, she caught on the floor
Her tapster, with Dolly the maid.

She flew to the ladle, the poker, the spit—
But at last she began to proceed,
Sure Satan himself, of the bottomless pit,
Will avenge such a damnable deed.

Pack off, thou damn'd dog, or I'll give thee a douse;
Avaunt with thy Babylon whore;
What, when I have twenty good beds in my house,
To do such a thing on the floor!

P**TY'S TALE;

OR, THE

CAVALIER NUN.

*Novimus et qui te, transversa tuentibus hircis,
Et quo sed faciles nymphæ risere sacello.*

BOTH high and low! simple and wise!
Agree in making a great bustle,
About a certain pair of eyes,
Belonging to the House of R——1.

Though

Though not so awful and discreet,
There was a pair of eyes at Brussels,
Far more compassionately sweet
Than Lady CAROLINA R—L's.
Her eyes are like those swords of fire,
The flaming swords to angels given,
By which impure and rash desire
From the forbidden fruit are driven.
Far other eyes are those I mean,
I speak of an inviting pair,
The property of frail eighteen,
A nun—as amorous as fair.
Impassion'd eyes, fit for a nun;
Eyes that love lights and VENUS shapes:
Eyes like the gilding of the sun,
Gilding ripe nectarines and grapes
The lady abbess was her aunt;
And, as they lay in the same cell,
The abbess was so complaisant,
She pass'd her time exceeding well.
She had the privilege alone
Of running in the convent-ground,
Surrounded by high walls of stone,
Just like a filly in a pound.
Within this close were shady trees,
And there an oratory stood;
A chapel of delight and ease,
When folks delight in doing good.
After her matins and her complines,
Here she spent many pleasant hours;
Instead of making cakes and dumplings,
Purses and artificial flowers.

'Twas a delightful life she led,
 Here every day she met her monk,
 Unless he was confin'd in bed,
 Which was the case when he was drunk.
 One day within this oratory,
 As she was with her monk in chat,
 Instead of being solitary,
 And melancholy as a cat;
 Chatt'ring with many a lewd device,
 In which they neither were to seek,
 Tricks that love teaches in a trice,
 Better than studying a week.
 In gibberish and playful cant,
 Father, says she, pulling him down,
 Give a great mind to turn gallant,
 And give your reverence a green gown:
 And, like my aunt, I'll make you mad,
 As mad as king NEBUCHADNEZZAR,
 When she transforms you to a pad,
 As he was turn'd into a grazer.
 For all your stiffness and your pride,
 With whip and spur, I'll make you run;
 To which the humble monk reply'd,
 Spouse of the Lord, thy will be done.
 Her pad, as sturdy as a miller's,
 She taught to rear, curvet, and prance,
 Make graceful caprioles, and dance,
 As if he was between the pillars.
 The monk cry'd out, My lady abbess!
 My lady abbess! (without cease)
 Your ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all your paths are joy and peace.

On the FRENCH buying up ENGLISH HORSES.

WE are told, that the Monfieurs our horses import,
And regardless we are of what paffes;
But, lord! what a racket 'twould make in our court,
If they kindly would purchase our affes!

THE REVELS OF VENUS.

(In the Manner of Secundus.)

By the late Lord LYTTLTON.

THE tranfient feafon let's improve,
That human life allots to love:
Youth soon, my Cynthia, flies away,
And age affumes its frozen fway;
With elegance and neatnefs drest,
Come then in beauty's bloom confest,
And in my fond embrace be blest!
Faint strugglings but inflame defire,
And ferve to fan the lover's fire:
Then yield not all at once your charms,
But with reluctance fill my arms;
My arms! that fhall with eager hafte
Encircle now your slender wait;
Now round your neck be carelefs hung,
And now o'er all your frame be flung;
About your limbs my limbs I'll twine,
And lay your glowing cheek to mine:

Close to my broader, manlier chest
 I'll press thy firm, proud-swelling breast;
 Now rising high, now falling low,
 As passion's tide shall ebb or flow:
 My murm'ring tongue shall speak my bliss;
 Shall court your yielding lips to kiss;
 Each kiss with thousands I'll repay,
 And almost suck your breath away;
 A thousand more you then shall give,
 And then a thousand more receive;
 In transport half dissolv'd we'll lie,
 Venting our wishes in a sigh!

Quick starting from me, now display
 Your loose and discompos'd array:
 Your hair shall o'er your polish'd brow
 In sweetly wild disorder flow;
 And those long tresses from behind,
 You us'd in artful braids to bind,
 Shall down your snowy bosom spread
 Redundant, in a soften'd shade;
 And from your wishful eyes shall stream
 The dewy light of passion's flame;
 While now and then a look shall glance,
 Your senses lost in am'rous trance,
 That fain my rudeness would reprove;
 Yet plainly tells, how much you love:
 The roses height'ning on your cheek,
 Shall the fierce tide of rapture speak;
 And on your lips a warmer glow,
 The deepen'd ruby then shall shew;

Your

Your breast, replete with youthful fire,
 Shall heave with tumults of desire;
 Shall heave at thoughts of wish'd-for bliss,
 And seem as tho' 'twould meet my kiss;
 Down on that heav'n I'll sink quite spent,
 And lie in tender languishment;
 But soon your charms reviving pow'r
 Shall to my frame new life restore:
 With love I'll then my pains assuage;
 With kisses cool my wanton rage;
 Hang o'er thy beauties till I cloy;
 Then cease, and then renew my joy!

*On the KING's commanding the Tragedy of the GRECIAN
 DAUGHTER, on the 2d of Jan. 1783.*

SIDDONS to see, King, Lords and Commons run,
 Glad to forget, that Britain is undone;
 The Jesuit Shelburne, the Apostate Fox,
 And Bulls meet Bears together in a box.
Thurlow neglects his promises to friends,
 And scribbling *Townshend* no more letters sends.
 Cits leave their feasts, and sots desert their wine;
 Each youth cries "charming!" and each maid "divine!"
 See, of false tears a copious torrent flows,
 But not one real—for their country's woes!
 The club of Spendthrifts, the rapacious Bar,
 Of words, not arms, support the bloodless war.
 Let Spain Gibraltar get; our islands, France,
 So *Siddons* acts, or *Vestris* leads the dance!

128 HAL'S LOOKING-GLASS; or,

Run on, mad nation, pleasure's frantick round !
For acting, fiddling, dancing, be renown'd !
Soon foreign fleets shall rule the Western main :
George fill no throne—but that of Drury-lane !

SONG. *By Mr. CHEEK.*

BRIGHT Cynthia's power, divinely great,
What heart is not obeying ?
A thousand Cupids on her wait,
And in her eyes are playing.

She seems the queen of love to reign,
For she alone dispenses
Such sweets as best can entertain,
And ravish all our senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings,
Her breath yields balmy blisses ;
I hear an angel when she sings,
And taste of heaven in kisses.

Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
From nature's richest treasure ;
Let me the other sense employ,
And I shall die with pleasure.

I have

I have been informed by Lord T. that the illustrious Lady, to whom the following is addressed, was so smitten with the brilliancy of the compliment, that she instantly took the author from a three-pair of stairs back-room in a chandler's shop, and placed him in the sun-shine of her favour from that hour.— This is to serve as a hint for the Parnassian Rhymers in this capital, who are racking their brains to find out a second Duchess of Northumberland.

To her Grace the DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE, in answer to all the absurd and illiberal Aspersions cast on the fashionable FEATHERS, by churlish old Women, ridiculous Prudes, and brutish Censors.

WIT is a FEATHER—this we all admit:—
 But sure each feather in your cap is wit!
 'Tis the best flight of genius—to improve
 The smiles of beauty, and the bliss of love.
 Like beams around the sun, your feathers shine,
 And raise the splendor of your charms divine;
 Such plumes the worth of mighty conqu'rors shew,
 For who can conquer hearts so well as you?
 When on your head I see those flutt'ring things,
 I think that love is there, and claps his wings.
 Feathers help'd Jove to fan his am'rous flame;
 CUPID has feathers; ANGELS wear the same.
 Since, then, from heav'n their origin we trace,
 Preserve the fashion—it becomes your GRACE.

*On the VOTE passed by the CITY, for presenting to Admiral
KEPPEL an OAK BOX, with their FREEDOM.*

A D I A L O G U E.

- A**S *Selwin* and *Gibbon* were talking with *Fox*,
 "I think," cries the first, "*Keppel* merits a *box*!"
 "A *box*!" replies *Gibbon*—"Pray make it appear!"
 "I mean," answers *Selwin*—"A *box* on the ear!"
 "Then why not," says *Charles*, "if you think it
 his due,
 "Get leave that the *box* be presented by you?"
 "No: Let those do the honours," cries *George*,
 "who decreed 'em;
 "Your friend *Keppel*, *from me*, might not relish such
 FREEDOM!"

E P I G R A M.

VAN *Keppel* was, the other year,
 'Yclept an admiral in the rear;
 But now, that rear is turn'd to vice,
 In breeding he's not quite so nice;
 For t'other day, this very man
 To *Chartres* shew'd the rear of *van*;
 The Frenchman star'd, its size was such,
 And swore the bottom must be *Dutch*;
 But yet, I fear, our *Van*—(G—d-rot-him)—
 For all his rear,—has got no bottom!

THE BRIDAL NIGHT.

THE hour is come, with pleasure crown'd ;
Borne in eternal order round.

Hour ! of endearing looks and smiles !

Hour ! of voluptuous sports and wiles !

Hour ! fraught with fondly-murm'ring sighs !

Hour ! blest with softly-dying eyes !

Hour ! with com-mingling kisses sweet !

Hour ! of transporting blifs, replete !

Hour ! worthy ev'n of Gods above !

Hour ! worthy all-commanding Jove !

For not a fairer-omen'd hour,

Could promise the kind *Gnidian pow'r !

Not tender Cupid could bestow !

The boy with silver-splendid bow,

And golden wing ; delicious boy !

That sorrow still allays with joy.

Nor, wont at nuptials to preside,

† She, that of Jove is sister-bride !

Nor ‡ he on tuneful || summit born

The god, whom flow'ry wreaths adorn !

Who blooming beauty tears away !

Bears off by force the charming prey !

From the reluctant mother tears !

To the rapacious lover bears !

Hour ! long desir'd ! Hour ! long delay'd !

Thrice-happy youth ! Thrice-happy maid !

* Venus. † Juno. ‡ Hymen. || Helicón.

Thrice-happy youth ! supremely blest !
 Of ev'ry wish in one posselt !
 To thee, the maid of form divine,
 Comes, seeming-loath, but inly thine.
 Such form ! as Juno's self might chuse ;
 Nor yet the martial maid refuse ;
 (Tho' that th' etherial sceptre sways !
 And this the shining shield displays !)
 Nor yet the Cyprian Queen disdain ;
 Bent, to re-seek the Phrygian swain,
 And cause of beauty re-decide ;
 In shady vale of flow'ring Ide.
 How sure to gain the golden prize,
 (Tho' judg'd by less-discerning eyes)
 She, in that matchless form array'd ?
 Thrice-happy youth ! Thrice-happy maid !

Thrice-happy maid ! supremely blest !
 Of ev'ry wish in one posselt !
 To thee, on wings of love and truth,
 Comes all-devote, the raptur'd youth.
 Thy bending neck with eager hold,
 Thy waist, impatient to infold.
 While, for that hair of easy flow !
 While, for that breast of virgin snow !
 While, for that lip of rosey dye !
 While, for that sweetly-speaking eye !
 With silent passion he expires ;
 And burns with still-consuming fires.—
 Now Phoebus, slow to quit the skies !
 Now loit'ring Phoebe, slow to rise !
 Persists, alternate, to upbraid.
 Thrice-happy youth ! Thrice-happy maid !

Spare, Youth, your vows, vain off'rings, spare!
Forbear, your needless sighs, forbear!
Lo! Time, in ever-varying race,
Brings on at last the wish'd-for space.
Mild Venus with propitious ears,
The sorrows of her vot'ries hears.
While, Cynthia, down the western steeps,
Low-plunges in Iberian deeps;
And quits the ample fields of air,
To his night-wand'ring sister's care.
Than whom, no light more grateful shines,
To souls which mutual love conjoins.
Not he that leads the stars along,
Brightest of all the glitt'ring throng;
Hesper! with golden torch display'd!
Thrice-happy youth! Thrice-happy maid!

See! where the maid, all-panting lies!
(Ah! never more a maid to rise!)
And longs, yet trembles at thy tread;
Her cheeks perfus'd with decent red;
Expressing half her inward flame!
Half springing from ingenuous shame!
Tears from her eyes, perhaps, may steal;
Her joys the better to conceal;
Then, sighs, with grief unreal fraught,
Then, follow, complaints of wrongs unthought.
But cease not thou with idle fears;
For all her complaints, or sighs, or tears.
Kiss'd be the tears from off her eyes!
With tender murmurs stopp'd, her sighs!
With soothing soft her complaints allay'd!
Thrice-happy youth! Thrice-happy maid!

The maid, in decent order plac'd;
 With ev'ry bridal honour grac'd;
 Thro' all her limbs, begin to spread
 The glowings of the genial bed;
 And languid sleep dispose to take!
 Did not the youth, more watchful, wake;
 And, ~~the~~ mild Queen of fierce desire,
 With warmth not disproportion'd, fire;
 Taught hence, nor purpled Kings to prize,
 Nor sceptr'd Jove, that rules the skies.
 Soon for soft combats he prepares,
 And gentle toils of am'rous wars.
 Declar'd, but with no loud alarms!
 Begun, but with no dreadful arms!
 Kisses! which wanton as he strays,
 He darts a thousand wanton ways;
 At mouth or neck, at eyes or cheeks;
 Him humbly she full oft bespeaks,
 Intreats, *an helpless maid to spare!*
 And begs, with trembling voice, *forbear!*
 Full oft his rudeness loudly blames,
 His boundless insolence proclaims!
 His lips, with lips averse, withstands,
 With hands, restrains his roving hands—
 Resistancee sweet! Delicious fight!
 O! Night! O! doubly-happy night!

Contention obstinate succeeds,
 The tender loves contention feeds;
 By that redoubled ardor burns!
 By that redoubled strength returns.
 Now o'er her neck take nimble flight,
 Her breast as spotless iv'ry white!

Her waist of gradual-rising charms !
Soft-molded legs ! smooth-polish'd arms !
Search all the tracts, in curious sport,
Conductive to the Cyprian-court.
Thro' all the dark recesses go,
And all the shady coverts know.
To this, unnumber'd kisses join,
Unnumber'd as the stars that shine;
Commingle rays of blended light,
O ! Night ! O ! doubly-happy night !

Then spare no blandishments of love,
Sounds, that with soft'ning flatt'ry move ;
Sighs ! that with soothing murmur please !
The injur'd virgin to appease.
Such ! as when zephyr fans the grove,
Or coos the am'rous-billing dove.
Or sings the swan with tuneful breath ;
Conscious of near-approaching death !
Till pierc'd by Cupid's pow'rful dart,
As by degrees relents her heart,
The virgin, less and less severe,
Quits, by degrees, her stubborn fear.
Now on your arms her neck reclines ;
Now with her arms your neck entwines ;
As love's resistless flames incite.
O ! Night ! O ! doubly-happy night !

Sweet kisses shall reward your pains ;
Kisses ! which no rude rapine stains !
From lips on swelling lips that swell !
From lips on dwelling lips that dwell !

That play return with equal play!
 That bliss with equal bliss repay!
 That vital stores from either heart,
 Imbibing, soul for soul impart.
 Till now the maid advent'rous grown,
 Attempts new frolicks of her own.
 Now, suffers, strangers to the way,
 Her far more daring hands to stray.
 Now sports far more salacious seeks,
 Now words far more licentious speaks.
 Words! that past suff'rings well requite.
 O! Night! O! doubly-happy night!

To arms! To arms! now Cupid sounds,
 Now is the time for grateful wounds.
 Here Venus waves the nimble spear—
 Venus is warlike goddess here.
 Here, not thy sister, Mars, presides,
 Thy mistress in these conflicts prides.
 While close engage the strug'ling foes,
 And, restless, breast to breast oppose.
 While, eager, this disputes the field;
 And that alike disdains to yield.
 Till lo! in breathless transports tost,
 Till in resistless raptures lost,
 Their limbs with liquid dew distill;
 Their hearts with pleasing horrors thrill;
 And faint away in wild delight.
 O! Night! O! doubly-happy night.

O! may you oft these sports renew,
 And thro' long days and nights pursue!

With

With many an early moon begun !
 Prolong'd to many a setting sun !
 May a fair offspring crown your joys,
 Of prattling girls, and smiling boys !
 And yet another offspring rise !
 Sweet objects to parental eyes !
 The cares, assiduous to assuage,
 That still solicit querulous age.
 Careful, your trembling limbs to stay,
 That fail with unperceiv'd decay.
 Pious, when summon'd hence you go,
 The last kind office to bestow—
 Office ! with unfeign'd sorrow paid !
 Thrice-happy youth ! Thrice-happy maid !

A RECEIPT TO BECOME PREGNANT.

By the MARCHIONESS of STOLTO.

IN Italy there is a town,
 Anciently of great renown ;
 Call'd, by the Volscians, Privernum ;
 A fortress against the Romans,
 Maintain'd, because it did concern 'em,
 Spite of Rome, and all her omens ;
 But to their cost,
 At the long run their town was lost.
 Whether 'twas forc'd or did surrender,
 You never need, my dear Sir, know,
 Provided you will but remember,
 Privernum signifies Piperno.

Close

Close by the Franciscan Friars,
 There liv'd a saint, as all declare,
 All the world cannot be lyars,
 Which saint wrought miracles by pray'r.
 Her life so holy was, and pure,
 Her pray'rs at all times, they believe,
 Could heirs or heiresses secure,
 And make the barren womb conceive.
 Which was a very safe expedient,
 And also wonderful convenient :
 For there was not a barren womb,
 That might not try,
 Going between Naples and Rome,
 As she pass'd by.
 My story will not be the worse,
 If you will but reflect with patience,
 Upon the constant intercourse
 Between these famous neighbour nations.
 It is so great, that I dare say,
 The saint could have but little ease ;
 She must have been both night and day,
 Continually on her knees.
 For I can prove it very clear,
 That many of these wombs are barren,
 Which wombs, were they transplanted here,
 Would breed like rabbits in a warren.
 Near Terracina, once call'd Anxur,
 There is a place call'd Bosco Folto,
 A castle standing on a bank, Sir,
 The seat of the Marchese STOLTO.

In history you all have read,
Most of you have, I'm pretty sure,
How on that road there is no bed,
Nor any inn, you can endure.
For STOLTO I had got a letter,
From my good friend, Prince MALA-FEDE,
And from the Princess a much better,
Wrote to his Excellency's Lady.
The Marquis is advanc'd in years,
And dries you so, there's no escaping;
The merriest, when he appears,
Yawn, and set the rest a gaping.
Seccare is a word of fun;
It means to dry, as you may find,
Not like the fire, or like the sun,
But like a cold unpleasant wind.
But she is perfectly well bred;
Neither too forward, nor too shy:
I never did, in any head,
In all my life, see such an eye;
Nor such a head on any shoulders;
Nor such a neck, with such a swell,
That could present itself so well,
To all the critical beholders.
Four years the Marquis was hum-drumming,
In that same place, with his bed-fellow,
Waiting for the happy coming
Of a young Marquis, a STOLTELLO.
As soon as ever he arrives,
The family is to be sent to
The Cardinal at Benevento,
For the remainder of their lives.

The Cardinal is STOLTO's nephew,

His age is only twenty-seven ;

And of that age, alas how few !

Who think, like him, of nought but heav'n.

His aunt will manage and take care

Of all the Cardinal's affairs,

STOLTELLO is to be his heir,

When he has finish'd all his pray'rs.

STOLTO may live as he thinks good,

His life delightfully will run,

Between his Castle in the wood,

His wife, his nephew, and his son.

And yet according to Fame's trumpet,

Who very seldom trumpets right,

His wife was reckon'd a great strumpet,

His nephew a great hypocrite.

I don't believe a word of that,

The world will talk, and let it chat :

You cannot think her in the wrong,

To grow quite weary of the place,

She thought STOLTELLO staid so long,

He was asham'd to shew his face.

STOLTO had heard the holy maid

Always cry'd up both far and near,

And he believ'd she could persuade

His son STOLTELLO to appear.

Considering what time was past,

How they had try'd, and better try'd,

STOLTO advis'd his wife at last,

To go and be fecundify'd.

The Marquis told me the whole story,
 Which he had from the Marchesina,
 And it is so much to her glory ;
 'Tis all the talk of Terracina.
 The very night that she came back,
 He was in such a sifting cue ;
 He almost put her to the rack,
 Till she discover'd all she knew.
 First his acknowledgment being paid,
 A pepper-cornish kind of due ;
 As they were laid, compos'd and staid,
 She told him just as I tell you :
 Before the Marchioness sets out,
 It will be proper, on reflection,
 To obviate a certain doubt,
 A doubt that looks like an objection.
 Here, because they know no better,
 The snarlers think they've found a bone ;
 They think the Marquis would not let her
 Go such an errand all alone.
 A lady, you must understand,
 That visits, to fulfil HER VOWS,
 A holy house, or holy land,
 Commonly goes without her spouse.
 And so, by keeping herself still,
 Quiet and sober in her bed,
 She never thinks of any ill,
 Nothing unclean enters her head.
 You're satisfy'd your doubt was weak,
 And now the Marchioness may speak.—

As you foretold, before I went,
 The faint was so engag'd, and watch'd,
 That a whole week and more was spent,
 Before my bus'ness was dispatch'd.
 Indeed you would have greatly pity'd,
 If you had seen me but, my Dear;
 Howe'er, at last, I was admitted,
 And what I met with you shall hear.
 The faint and I sat on a bench;
 Before us, on a couch, there lay
 A pretty little naked wench,
 That minded nothing but her play.
 Her play, was playing with a mouse,
 That popp'd his head in, went and came,
 And nestled in its little house,
 It was so docible and tame.
 Guess where the mouse had found a bower?
 You are so dull, it is a shame;
 You cannot guess in half an hour,
 I'll lay your hand upon the same.
 These, cry'd the faint, are all ideal,
 Visions all, and nothing real,
 Yet they will animate your blood,
 And rouse and warm the pregnant pow'rs,
 Just like the ling'ring sickly bud,
 Open'd by fructifying show'rs.
 If you are violently heated,
 Remember in your greatest needs,
 Your Ave Mary be repeated,
 Till you have gone thro' all your beads:
 Take heed, they're going to begin,
 I see the visions coming in.

First came a cock, and then a bull,
 And then a heifer and a hen;
 Till they had got their bellies full,
 On and off, and on again.
 And then I spy'd a foolish filly,
 That was reduc'd to a strange pass,
 Languishing, and looking filly,
 At the proposals of an ass.
 I turn'd about and saw a fight,
 Which was a fight I could not bear,
 A filthy horse, with all his might,
 Gallanting with a filthy mare.
 And lo! there came a dozen priests!
 And all the priests shaven and shorn!
 And they were like a dozen beasts,
 Naked as ever they were born:
 And they pass'd on,
 One by one,
 Ev'ry one with an exalted horn.
 Then they drew up and stood awhile,
 In rank and file,
 And after, march'd off the parade,
 One by one,
 Falling upon
 The miserable, naked maid.
 Nothing could equal my surprise,
 To see her go thro' great and small!
 And after that, to see her rise,
 And turn the joke upon them all!
 And I kept praying still and counting,
 In a prodigious fret and heat,
 And she successively kept mounting,
 And always kept a steady seat.

Till having finish'd her career,
 The priests were terribly perplex'd,
 They could not tell which way to steer,
 Nor whereabout to settle next.

Brother was running after brother,
 Turning their horns against each other;
 The holy maid cry'd out aloud,
 Heaven deliver us from sin:

And I turn'd up my eyes and bow'd,
 And said Amen within:

The instant that I spoke,
 The visions vanish'd into smoke.
 Now, said the Marchioness, and smil'd,
 Now I'll *tofs up with you* for a child.

Already at your post indeed!

Bravo—Bravissimo—proceed.—

I find, my Dear, you are so stout,
 So firmly fix'd to make a boy,
 I feel—I feel—you'll make it out,
 'Tis done, said she—I wish you joy.

Accordingly the Marquis swore,
 That very night he did a feat,
 Which he had seldom done before,
 That night he ran a second heat.
 And from that night computing fair,

She had conceiv'd,
 About five months when I was there,
 As both the Marchioness and he believ'd.
 For four months after I repass'd,

Calling again, to avoid those inns,
 And found her brought to bed at last,
 Of twins,

So stout, the brothers might have pass'd for
 POLLUX and CASTOR.

And

And so, at last, his cost and toil,
 (The Marquis was oblig'd to own,)
 Were laid out on a grateful soil:
 At last—he reap'd as he had sown.

T H E

C U R E F O R S Y M P A T H Y.

SIGN of the Lamb, near Ludgate you may find;
 The sign is emblem of the owner's mind;
 EMANUEL COOPER dwelleth in that place,
 A mercer, with an ever-smiling face.
 The way EMANUEL took to get a wife,
 Is subject of this tale, and best of all his life.
 EMANUEL hath near served out his years,
 Having no vice at all! his uncle fears;
 No cause the uncle hath to be afraid;
 Vice he hath none—but craftiness of trade.
 And now above a month his master's gone
 To drink the red cow's milk at Islington;
 And every day they look for him to die
 Of a consumption and a leprosy;
 And for that he doth trust EMANUEL,
 He leaveth him alone to buy and sell.

His dame was brought up high, and knows no trade,
 To an earl's countess she was waiting-maid;
 Posies for rings contrives, and rhymes indites,
 And can discourse with either 'squires or knights.

ISABEL's eye hath notice'd many a time
 EMANUEL COOPER entering in his prime;

H

And

And hath delighted many a time to see
 Such perfect, maiden-like simplicity !
 One evening in her chamber she will sup,
 And bids the maid to call EMANUEL up :
 Blushing, and hanging down his head, he comes,
 Sitting him down, and looking at his thumbs !
 Upon the bed by her she makes him sit,
 And helpeth him to every dainty bit :
 Come, says the dame, filling a cup quite up,
 'Take off this wine, I will not 'bate a sup :
 Unto my master's health, quoth he, and drinks it dry ;
 Lord, take his soul ! says he, and falls to cry :—
 Name him no more, for it will break my heart !
 The doctor says, that he will soon depart !
 And also says, that when my spouse is slain,
 I shall not after him long time remain !
 Quoth then EMANUEL, weeping as he spoke,
 Your case would pierce a heart, if it was oak ;
 But if you slay the life that you may spare,
 It is a sin as deadly as despair !
 I do confess, quoth she, stroking her ring,
 Deep is the judgment of your reasoning.—
 Besides, says he, my master may mend yet ;
 With that, at once, she fell into a fit !
 Catches EMANUEL by the hand, and says,
 For mercy's sake, EMANUEL, cut my stays !
 EMANUEL takes a knife and cuts the string,
 And ISABEL about his waist doth cling :
 Feel but my heart, says she, how it doth beat !
 Put in your hand, EMANUEL, farther, sweet !
 In sooth, quoth he, you are in piteous hap !
 The maid had best come up !—I'll give a rap !

No,

No, no, quoth she, I thank you for your love;
Sit down upon the bed—you shall not move:
Pity for me, hath wrought in your distress,
Another cup will cure your heaviness.
The wine, to make it richer cordial,
Mingled the dame cantharides withal;
EMANUEL drinks it up—the wine is choice—
Wipeth his mouth—and cleareth up his voice:
Madam, quoth he, if heaven doth intend
To take away my master and my friend,
The business of the shop I'll undertake,
Both for your own, and for my master's sake.
In that I am contented well, quoth she,
Could I but take the cure for sympathy!
It is a filthy cure—EMANUEL, mark:—
You may suppose yourself to be the spark:—
Take a young spark, it says, and let him be
A maid, and modest—not past twenty-three:—
From twenty-three shall he begin to count,
And do the deed, till he to thirty mount;
And he must secret swear—and also both
Shall bind their member with a fearful oath,
That neither he nor she shall find delight,
But do the act—as if it was for spite.
Quoth then, EMANUEL, stiff as any stake,
(For now the wine had made him quite awake,)
As to the maiden term, am not afraid;
As blessed Mary—I'm a very maid!
I was but three-and-twenty yesterday;
But for the oath—I know not what to say!
I am content myself it should so be,
If that the members also will agree.

That's in your power, says she, there is no doubt,
If you'll not think of what you are about;
You must continue, when you are occupy'd,
To think of any other thing beside.

For instance : when you are arrived there,
Keep thinking of a rabbit or a hare,—
And we need never feel, nor know, no more
Than doth the shuttle-cock and battledore ;
Without more words, this treaty shall have force,
And all the rest are only forms of course.

Leave we the parties interchangeably,
To take the solemn oath, and ratify.
They both went on, thinking and nothing saying,
Till the last payment of the sum was paying ;

And then EMANUEL cried out, I find
I cannot keep the hair within my mind ;
When once you fall a spinning like a top,
Rabbit and hare out of my mind do hop :
Go on, you fool, says she—what makes you stop ?
The sum is paid, yet still in bed they lay ;

Her sympathy is not quite sweat away :
Up stairs the maiden comes—raps at the door—
Shouting, my master's dead, for evermore !
His man from Islington doth say, below,
That he went off as any child shall go.

Shout not, the dame replies, I understand—
(Holding EMANUEL's handle in her hand ;)

Run to the undertaker of our street ;
I fear my RICHARD will not long keep sweet !
I go, quoth she, EMANUEL, this day,
Too far for health, to lose it in the way ;

And

And as it needs must be provoking pain.
 To run this race of penitence again ;
 And as your three-and-twentieth year is out,
 It is but safe to take another bout.
 If this had been but a pretence or trick,
 She might have pleaded false arithmetic ;
 But, as she fairly own'd the whole receipt,
 It's evident, she had no design to cheat ;
 And so EMANUEL, after some pause,
 Mended the bill, and put in a new clause.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

HULSE shook his head—poor Damon lay a dying,
 And close by his bed-side his wife sat crying :
 Oh, stay! she said,——and must we part!
 My soul, like thine, is on the wing ;
 Methinks I feel death's iron dart ;
 But, oh ! 'tis that which wounds thy heart ;
 That bears to mine the sting.
 Her grief was great, so was her moan,
 And much to die she seem'd inclin'd ;
 Howe'er, she let him go alone,
 And prudently remain'd behind.
 A week, or so, was past and gone,
 Still she continu'd weeping on ;
 When to her house her father came,
 And thus address'd the mournful dame :
 My child, said he, enough of tears you've shed ;
 Think of the living, and forget the dead.

Another spouse!—don't startle at the word!

'Tis but a second—you may have a third!

As soon as decency permits,
I have a husband to propose;

Young, handsome, rich, just one of those

That's form'd to cure a widow's fits.

Ah! Sir, is this a father's part,

To wound afresh a bleeding heart?

Shall I another husband wed?

Oh, no!—my only love is dead!

Nor will I other wedding have,

Till I am bedded in his grave.

The father left her to digest

The wise and prudent things he said:

He put the husband in her head,

And time he knew would do the rest.

The cares of mourning next took place,

To dress her grief, and suit her face;

'Twas Cupid's thought—for what exceeds

A pretty widow in her weeds?

And now each looking-glass could tell,

That black became her vastly well.

The smiles and graces, that were scar'd away,

With all the band of little loves,

And Cytherez's doves,

Came dropping in each day.

The father, (if report says true)

Another visit made, ere mourning over;

I'm glad, my dear, said he, so well to find you;

But mention'd not a word of the new lover.

At which she blush'd!—Must I then, Sir, remind you?

The

The thing's too serious to be made a joke of;
 Where is the husband, pray, that once you spoke of?
 Wide is the difference, as you see it here,
 'Twixt widow of a day, and widow of a year!
 All-lenient time expands his wings;
 Away he flies with human cares;
 Then back, full fraught with joy, repairs,
 And every balmy comfort brings.
 Time checks the mourning husband's sighs;
 'Tis he congeals the falling tear;
 To form the lovely lucid leer,
 Which sparkles in a widow's eyes.

When Mrs. H. now of Covent-Garden Theatre, was in Dublin some few Years ago, she went to play, for the Summer Season, in Cork, and it was publickly rumoured, that Mr. VANDERMERE, the Player, left his Family and accompanied her. This Gentleman was famed, at that Time, for playing the Character of Skirmish, in the Deserter, which gave Birth to the following

E P I G R A M.

LITTLE Skirmish long boasted, he'd go to the Devil †
 In defence of his friend:—'twas exceedingly civil;
 But Skirmish and Friendship are quit for a b——r,
 To the Devil he's gone—with a fleet cock-tail Hunter.

† See a SONG in the DESERTER.

THE HONEY-STEALER.

AS Cupid, the flyest young wanton alive,
 Of it's hoard of sweet honey was robbing a hive;
 The centinel bee buzz'd with anger and grief,
 And darted his sting in the hand of the thief.
 He sobb'd, blew his fingers, stamp'd hard on the
 ground;
 And leaping in anguish shew'd Venus the wound;
 Then began in a sorrowful tone to complain,
 That an insect so little should cause so great pain.
 Venus smiling, her son in such taking to see,
 Said, "Cupid you put me in mind of a bee;
 You're just such a busy, diminutive thing,
 Yet you make woeful wounds with a desperate sting."

TO APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

I AM, cried Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
 And panting for breath, the coy virgin pursu'd,
 When his wisdom, in manner most ample, express'd
 The long list of the graces his godship possess'd:
 I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays;
 Nor for lays, nor sweet song, the fair fugitive stays;
 I'm the god of the harp—stop my fairest—in vain;
 Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again.
 Ev'ry plant, ev'ry flower, and their virtues I know,
 God of light I'm above and of physic below:
 At the dreadful word physic, the nymph fled more fast;
 At the fatal word physic she doubled her haste.

Thou

Thou fond god of wisdom, then alter thy phrase,
Bid her view thy young bloom, and thy ravishing rays,
Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
And, my life for't, the damsel shall fly to thy arms.

ON A LADY'S SPORTING A SOMERSET.

By the facetious LAURENCE STERNE.

I Saw, I saw, I know not what,
I saw a dash above a dot,
Presenting to my contemplation
A perfect mark of admiration!

ON A KISS.

AH! can'st thou cruel nymph suppose,
One kiss rewards thy am'rous youth,
Enough rewards his tender woes,
His long long constancy, and truth?

Think not thy promis'd kindness paid
By simple kissing—for the kiss
Is but the earnest, beauteous maid!
Of more substantial, future bliss.

Sweet kisses only were design'd
Our warmer raptures to improve;
Kisses were meant soft vows to bind,
Were silent pledges meant of love.

ON SIR T. F. WHO IS NOT THE MOST CHARITABLE
MAN IN THE WORLD.

SCRIPTURES declare, the *poor in spirit*
Will certain happiness inherit;
If so, of heav'n friend F——'s sure,
For he's in spirit—*wond'rous poor*.

On a DUEL between Mr. ERSKINE and Mr.
O'BRIEN, which terminated with the following
Words to each other: *Now, Sir, you know the State
of my Mind*.

TWO valorous combatants lately we find,
Solicitous each for the *state of his mind*;
But what in such heroes peculiarly odd is,
Full as anxious they seem'd for the *state of their bodies*.

TWO EPIGRAMS ON LADIES OF PLEASURE.

By the Hon. Mrs. Monk, daughter of Lord MOLES-
WORTH.

I.

O'ER this marble drop a tear,
Here lies fair Rosalind;
All mankind was pleas'd with her,
And she with all mankind.

CHLOE

II.

CHLOE her gossips entertains
 With stories of her child-bed pains,
 And fiercely against Hymen rails;
 But Hymen's not so much to blame:
 She knows, unless her mem'ry fails,
 Ere she was wed 'twas much the same.

The POET's LEGACY to the AUTHOR of the
 WANDERER.

WHEN bards make wills, they little have to give,
 And few the legacies, their friends receive;
 My wealth lies only in the fields of fame,
 So I bequeath thee—an immortal name.

A SUBURBIAN PREACHMENT.

A Reverend Doctor, preaching in the suburbs,
 About whose debts arose some plaguy hubbubs,
 Thus, for his text, these pleasing words let fall,
 "Have patience with me, and I'll pay you all."
 With joy-prickt ears the rough Boroughnians stand,
 And deem'd the day of balancing at hand:
 On his first head his reasons were so strong,
 They sat with patience, though he preach'd so long:
 "And now, says he, I come to—pay you all—
 Great is your patience, and my merit small—
 T' abuse that noble virtue were a crime—
 So I'll defer it to—another time."

A Set

A Set of Gentlemen belonging to a Club in the City of Worcester, proposed to write each other's Epitaph. The Gentleman on whom the following was written sat next the Writer ; and this Tribute to his Friend met with warmer Marks of Approbation than any produced, for two Reasons ; first it is prettily conceived and executed, and next it is an exact Picture of the Man.

ONCE ruddy and plump,
 But now a pale lump,
 Beneath this hard stump,
 Lies honest Joe Crump,
 Who wish'd to his neighbour no evil ;
 What tho' by death's thump
 He's laid on his rump,
 Yet up he shall jump,
 When he hears the last trump,
 And triumph o'er death and the devil !



F I N I S

